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BELL'S EDITION.

The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN,

COMPLETE FROM

CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.

THOMSON VOLUME II.

Bare was her throbing bosom to the Gale,
Loose flow'd her tresses, rent her azure robe.

Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London Sept.r 1.1777

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JAMES THOMSON.

WITH HIS LAST

CORRECTIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

FROM THE ROYAL QUARTO EDITION OF 1762.

He wants no advocate his cause to plead;
You'll yourselves be patrons of the dead,
No party his benevolence confin'd,
No sect---alike it flow'd to all mankind --
Such was the Man---the Poet well you know:
Oft' has he touch'd your hearts tender with woe:---
For his chaste Muse employ'd her heav'n taught lyre,
None but the noblest passions to inspire:
Not one immortal, one corrupted thought,
One line which, dying, he could wish to blot.---

PROL. TO CORIOL.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
G. CAWTHORN, NO. 132, STRAND.

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JAMES THOMSON.

VOL. II.

CONTAINING HIS

BRITANNIA,	ODES,
LIBERTY,	SONGS,
CASTLE OF INDOLENCE,	HYMN ON SOLITUDE,

&c. &c. &c.

These, as they change, Almighty Father! these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.---
Then comes thy glory in the Summer months,
With light and heat refulgent.---
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter awful Thou! with clouds and storms
Around Thee thrown!, tempest o'er tempest roll'd! &c.

HYMN.

LONDON:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
C. CAWTHORN, NO. 132, STRAND.

1800.

BRITANNIA.

A POEM.

---Et tantas audetis tollere moles?
Quos ego---sed motos praestat componere fluctus.
Post mihi non simili poena commissa luetis.
Maturate fugam, regique haec dicite vestro:
Non illi imperium pelagi, saevumque tridentem,
Sed mihi sorte datum--- Virg.

As on the sea-beat shore Britannia sat,
Of her degenerate sons the faded fame
Deep in her anxious heart revolving sad,
Bare was her throbbing bosom to the gale,
That hoarse and hollow from the bleak surge blew;
Loose flow'd her tresses, rent her azure robe.
Hung o'er the deep, from her majestic brow
She tore the laurel, and she tore the bay;
Nor ceas'd the copious grief to bathe her cheek,
Nor ceas'd her sobs to murmur to the main.
Peace discontented nigh, departing, stretch'd
Her dove-like wing; and War, tho' greatly rous'd,
Yet mourns his fetter'd hands; while thus the Queen
Of Nations spoke, and what she said the Muse
Recorded, faithful, in unbidden verse.

Even not yon' sail, that from the sky-mixt wave
Dawns on the sight, and wafts the Royal youth,*
A freight of future glory to my shore;

* Frederick Prince of Wales, then lately arrived.

Even not the flattering view of golden days,
And rising periods yet of bright renown,
Beneath the Parents, and their endless line
Thro' late revolving time, can sooth my rage,
While, unchastis'd, th' insulting Spaniard dares
Infest the trading flood, full of vain war
Despise my navies, and my merchants seize,
As, trusting to false peace, they fearless roam
The world of waters wild, made by the toil
And liberal blood of glorious ages mine;
Nor bursts my sleeping thunder on their head.
Whence this unwonted patience? this weak doubt?
Thus tame beseeching of rejected peace?
This meek forbearance? this unnative fear,
To generous Britons never known before?
And sail'd my fleets for this, on Indian tides
To float, unactive, with the veering winds?
The mockery of war! while hot Disease,
And Sloth distemper'd, swept off burning crowds
For action ardent, and, amid the deep,
Inglorious sunk them in a wat'ry grave.
There now they lie beneath the roiling flood,
Far from their friends, and country unaveng'd,
And back the drooping war-ship comes again,
Dispirited, and thin, her sons asham'd,
Thus idly to review their native shore,
With not one glory sparkling in their eye,
One triumph on their tongue. A passenger

The violated merchant comes along,
That far sought wealth, for which the noxious gale
He drew, and swate beneath Equator suns,
By lawless force detain'd; a force that soon
Would melt away, and every spoil resign,
Were once the British Lion heard to roar.
Whence is it that the proud Iberian thus,
In their own well-asserted element,
Dares rouse to wrath the masters of the main?
Who told him that the big incumbent war
Would not, ere this, have roll'd his trembling ports
In smoky ruin? and his guilty stores,
Won by the ravage of a butcher'd world,
Yet unaton'd, sunk in the swallowing deep,
Or led the glittering prize into the Thames?
There was a time (oh let my languid sons
Resume their spirit at the rousing thought!)
When all the pride of Spain, in one dread fleet,
Swell'd o'er the lab'ring surge, like a whole heaven
Of clouds, wide roll'd before the boundless breeze.
Gaily the splendid armament along
Exultant plough'd, reflecting a red gleam,
As sunk the sun o'er all the flaming vast;
Tall, gorgeous, and elate, drunk with the dream
Of easy conquest; while their bloated War,
Stretch'd out from sky to sky, the gather'd force
Of ages held in its capacious womb:
But soon, regardless of the cumbrous pomp,

My dauntless Britons came, a gloomy few!
With tempest black the goodly scene deform'd,
And laid their glory waste. The bolts of Fate
Resistless thunder'd thro' their yielding sides;
Fierce o'er their beauty blaz'd the lurid flame;
And, seiz'd in horrid grasp, or shatter'd wide
Amid the mighty waters, deep they sunk,
Then, too, from every promontory chill,
Rank fen, and cavern, where the wild wave works,
I swept confederate winds, and swell'd a storm.
Round the glad isle, snatch'd by the vengeful blast,
The scattered remnants drove; on the blind shelve
And pointed rock, that marks th' indented shore,
Relentless dash'd, where loud the northern main
Howls thro' the fractur'd Caledonian isles.
Such were the dawnings of my wat'ry reign;
But since how vast it grew, how absolute,
Even in those troubled times, when dreadful Blake
Aw'd angry nations with the British name,
Let every humbled state, let Europe say,
Sustain'd and balanc'd by my naval arm.
Ah! what must those immortal spirits think
Of your poor shifts? those, for their country's good,
Who fac'd the blackest danger, knew no fear,
No mean submission, but commanded peace?
Ah! how with indignation must they burn?
(If aught but joy can touch ethereal breasts)
With shame, with grief, to see their feeble sons

Shrink from that empire o'er the conquer'd seas
For which their wisdom plann'd, their councils glow'd,
And their veins bled, thro' many a toiling age.
Oh! first of human blessings, and supreme,
Fair Peace! how lovely, how delightful thou!
By whose wide tie the kindred sons of men
Like brothers live, in amity combin'd,
And unsuspicious faith; while honest Toil
Gives every joy, and to those joys a right,
Which idle barbarous Rapine but usurps.
Pure is thy reign, when, unaccurs'd by blood,
Nought save the sweetness of indulgent showers,
Trickling, distils into the vernant glebe;
Instead of mangled carcasses, sad-seen,
When the blithe sheaves lie scatter'd o'er the field;
When only shining shares, the crooked knife,
And hooks, imprint the vegetable wound;
When the land blushes with the rose alone,
The falling fruitage and the bleeding vine.
Oh, Peace! thou source and soul of social life,
Beneath whose calm inspiring influence
Science his views enlarges, Art refines,
And swelling Commerce opens all her ports:
Blest be the man divine who gives us thee!
Who bids the Trumpet hush his horrid clang,
Nor blow the giddy nations into rage;
Who sheaths the murderous blade; the deadly gun
Into the well-pil'd armoury returns!

And, every vigour from the work of death
To grateful industry converting, makes
The country flourish, and the city smile.
Unviolated, him the virgin sings,
And him the smiling mother to her train:
Of him the shepherd, in the peaceful dale,
Chaunts; and, the treasures of his labour sure,
The husbandman of him, as at the plough
Or team he toils. With him the sailor sooths,
Beneath the trembling moon, the midnight wave;
And the full city, warm, from street to street,
And shop to shop, responsive rings of him.
Nor joys one land alone; his praise extends
Far as the sun rolls the diffusive day;
Far as the breeze can bear the gifts of Peace,
Till all the happy nations catch the song.
What would not, Peace! the patriot bear for thee?
What painful patience? what incessant care?
What mixt anxiety? what sleepless toil?
Even from the rash, protected, what reproach?
For he thy value knows, thy friendship, he,
To human nature: but the better thou,
The richer of delight, sometimes the more
Inevitable War; when ruffian Force
Awakes the fury of an injur'd state,
Even the good patient man, whom Reason rules,
Rous'd by bold insult, and injurious rage,
With sharp and sudden check th' astonish'd sons

Of Violence confounds, firm as his cause
His bolder heart; in awful justice clad,
His eyes effulging a peculiar fire;
And as he charges thro' the prostrate war,
His keen arm teaches faithless men no more
To dare the sacred vengeance of the just.
And what my thoughtless Sons! should fire you more
Than when your well-earn'd Empire of the Deep
The least beginning injury receives?
What better cause can call your lightning forth?
Your thunder wake? your dearest life demand?
What better cause, than when your country sees
The sly destruction at her vitals aim'd?
For, oh! it much imports you, 'tis your all,
To keep your trade entire, entire the force,
And honour of your fleets; o'er that to watch,
Even with a hand severe, and jealous eye.
In intercourse be gentle, generous, just,
By wisdom polish'd, and of manners fair;
But on the sea be terrible, untam'd,
Unconquerable still; let none escape,
Who shall but aim to touch your glory there.
Is there the man into the lion's den
Who dares intrude, to snatch his young away?
And is a Briton seiz'd? and seiz'd beneath
The slumbering terrors of a British fleet?
Then ardent rise! oh! great in vengeance rise!
O'erturn the proud, teach Rapine to restore;

And, as you ride sublimely round the world,
Make every vessel stoop, make every state
At once their welfare and their duty know.
This is your glory; this your wisdom; this
The native power for which you were design'd
By Fate, when Fate design'd the firmest state
That e'er was seated on the subject sea!
A state alone where Liberty should live
In these late times, this evening of mankind,
When Athens, Rome, and Carthage, are no more!
The world almost in slavish sloth dissolv'd.
For this these rocks around your coast were thrown;
For this your oaks, peculiar hardened, shoot
Strong into sturdy growth; for this your hearts
Swell with a sudden courage, growing still
As danger grows; and strength and toil for this
Are liberal pour'd o'er all the fervent land.
Then cherish this, this unexpensive power,
Undangerous to the public, ever prompt,
By lavish Nature thrust into your hand:
And, unencumber'd with the bulk immense
Of conquest, whence huge empires rose, and fell
Self-crush'd, extend your reign from shore to shore,
Where'er the wind your high behests can blow,
And fix it deep on this eternal base.
For, should the sliding fabric once give way,
Soon slackened quite, and past recovery broke,
It gathers ruin as it rolls along,

Steep-rushing down to that devouring gulf
Where many a mighty empire buried lies.
And should the big redundant flood of Trade,
In which ten thousand thousand labours join
Their several currents, till the boundless tide
Rolls in a radiant deluge o'er the land,
Should this bright stream, the least inflected, point
Its course another way, o'er other lands
The various treasure would resistless pour,
Ne'er to be won again, its ancient tract
Left a vile channel, desolate, and dead,
With all around a miserable waste,
Not Egypt, were her better heaven, the Nile,
Turn'd in the pride of flow, when o'er his rocks
And roaring cataracts, beyond the reach
Of dizzy Vision pil'd, in one wide flash
An Ethiopian deluge foams amain;
(Whence wondering fable trac'd him from the sky)
Even not that prime of earth, where harvests crowd
On untill'd harvests all the teeming year,
If of the fat o'erflowing culture robb'd,
Were then a more uncomfortable wild,
Steril, and void, than, of her trade depriv'd,
Britons! your boasted isle: her princes sunk,
Her high-built honour moulder'd to the dust,
Unnerv'd her force, her spirit vanish'd quite,
With rapid wing her riches fled away,
Her unfrequented ports alone the sign

Of what she was, her merchants scatter'd wide,
Her hollow shops shut up, and in her streets,
Her fields, woods, markets, villages, and roads,
The cheerful voice ot Labour heard no more.
Oh! let not, then, waste Luxury impair
That manly soul of toil which strings your nerves,
And your own proper happiness creates!
Oh! let not the soft penetrating plague
Creep on the free-born mind, and, working there,
With the sharp tooth of many a new-form'd want,
Endless, and idle all, eat out the heart
Of Liberty, the high conception blast,
The noble sentiment, th' impatient scorn
Of base subjection, and the swelling wish
For general good erasing from the mind;
While nought save narrow selfishness succeeds,
And low design, the sneaking passions all
Let loose, and reigning in the rankled breast.
Induc'd at last, by scarce perceiv'd degrees,
Sapping the very frame of government
And life, a total dissolution comes;
Sloth, ignorance, dejection, flattery, fear,
Oppression raging o'er the waste he makes,
The human being almost quite extinct,
And the whole state in broad corruption sinks.
Oh! shun that gulf; that gaping ruin shun!
And countless ages roll it far away
From you, ye heaven-belov'd! May Liberty,

The light of life! the sun of human-kind!
Whence heroes, bards, and patriots borrow flame,
Even where the keen depressive North descends,
Still spread, exalt, and actuate your powers!
While slavish southern climates beam in vain.
And may a public spirit from the Throne,
Where every virtue sits, go copious forth,
Live o'er the land, the finer arts inspire,
Make thoughtful Science raise his pensive head,
Blow the fresh bay, bid Industry rejoice,
And the rough sons of lowest Labour smile;
As when, profuse of spring, the loosen'd West,
Lifts up the pining year, and balmy breathes
Youth, life, and love, and beauty, o'er the world.
But haste we from these melancholy shores,
Nor to deaf winds and waves our fruitless plaint
Pour weak. The country claims our active aid;
That let us roam, and where we find a spark
Of public virtue, blow it into flame.
Lo! now my sons, the sons of Freedom! meet
In awful senate: thither let us fly,
Burn in the patriot's thought, flow from his tongue
In fearless truth, myself, transform'd, preside,
And shed the spirit of Britannia round.
This said, her fleeting form and airy train
Sunk in the gale, and nought but ragged rocks
Rush'd on the broken eye, and nought was heard
But the rough cadence of the dashing wave.

LIBERTY.

A POEM.

IN FIVE PARTS.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS,

FREDERICK,

PRINCE OF WALES.

SIR,

WHEN I reflect upon that ready condescension, that preventing generosity, with which your Royal Highness received the following Poem under your protection, I can alone ascribe it to the recommendation and influence of the subject. In you the cause and concerns of Liberty have so zealous a patron, as entitles whatever may have the least tendency to promote them to the distinction of your favour: and who can entertain this delightful reflection, without feeling a pleasure far superior to that of the fondest author, and of which all true lovers of their country must participate? To behold the noblest dispositions of the prince and of the patriot united; an overflowing benevolence, generosity, and candour of heart, joined to an enlightened zeal for Liberty, an imi-

mate persuasion that on it depends the happiness and glory both of kings and people; to see these shining out in public virtues, as they have hitherto smiled in all the social lights and private accomplishments of life, is a prospect that cannot but inspire a general sentiment of satisfaction and gladness, more easy to to be felt than expressed.

If the following attempt to trace Liberty from the first ages, down to her excellent establishment in Great Britain, can at all merit your approbation, and prove an entertainment to your Royal Highness; if it can in any degree answer the dignity of the subject, and of the name under which I presume to shelter it, I have my best reward; particularly as it affords me an opportunity of declaring that I am, with the greatest zeal and respect,

SIR,

Your Royal Highness's

most obedient

and most devoted servant,

JAMES THOMSON.

ANCIENT AND MODERN ITALY.

COMPARED.

LIBERTY.

PART I.

The Contents.

THE following Poem is thrown into the form of a poetical Vision. Its scene the ruins of ancient Rome. The Goddess of Liberty, who is supposed to speak through the whole, and is characterised as British Liberty, to v. 44. Gives a view of ancient Italy, and particularly of republican Rome, in all her magnificence and glory, to v. 112. This contrasted by modern Italy; its cities, mountains, culture, arts, people; the difference appearing strongly in the capital city, Rome, to v. 214. The ruins of the great works of Liberty more magnificent than the borrowed pomp of Oppression; and their form revived Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture, to v. 256. The old Romans advantageously with regard to the several melancholy characters in Italy: Horace, Tully, and Virgil, with regard to their Tiber, Tusculum, and Naples, to v. 287. The once finest and most ornamented part of Italy, all around the coast of Baiæ, how changed, to v. 321. This desolation of Italy applied to Britain, to v. 344. Address to the Goddess of Liberty, that she would deduce, from the first ages, her chief establishments, the description of which constitute the subject of the following parts of this Poem. She assents, and commands what she says to be sung in Britain, whose happiness, arising from Freedom, and a limited monarch, she marks, to v. 391. An immediate Vision attends, and paints her words. Invocation.

O MY lamented Talbot! while with thee
The Muse gay-rov'd the glad Hesperian round,
And drew th' inspiring breath of ancient arts,
Ah! little thought she her returning verse
Should sing our darling subject to thy shade.

And does the mystic veil from mortal beam
Involve those eyes where every virtue smil'd,
And all thy father's candid spirit shone?
The light of reason, pure, without a cloud;
Full of the generous heart, the mild regard;
Honour disdaining blemish, cordial faith,
And limpid truth, that looks the very soul:
But to the death of mighty nations turn
My strain; be there absorpt the private tear.
  Musing I lay, warm from the sacred walks,
Where at each step Imagination burns
While scattered wide around, awful and hoar,
Lies, a vast monument! once-glorious Rome,
The tomb of empire! Ruins! that efface
Whate'er of finish'd modern pomp can boast.
  Snatch'd by these wonders to that world where thought
Unfetter'd ranges, Fancy's magic hand
Led me anew o'er all the solemn scene,
Still in the mind's pure eye more solemn drest;
When straight, methought, the fair majestic Power
Of Liberty appear'd; not as of old
Extended in her hand, the cap and rod,
Whose slave-enlarging touch gave double life;
But her bright temples bound with British oak,
And naval honours nodded on her brow.
Sublime of port, loose o'er her shoulder flow'd
Her sea-green robe, with constellations gay.
An island goddess now; and her high care

The Queen of Isles, the Mistress of the Main.
My heart beat filial transport at the sight,
And as she mov'd to speak, th' awakened Muse
Listen'd intense. A while she look'd around,
With mournful eye the well-known ruins mark'd,
And then, her sighs repressing, thus began:
Mine are these wonders, all thou seest is mine:
But ah! how chang'd! the falling, poor remains
Of what exalted once th' Ausonian shore.
Look back thro' time, and, rising from the gloom.
Mark the dread scene, that paints whate'er I say.
The Great Republic see! that glow'd, sublime,
With the mixt freedom of a thousand states,
Rais'd on the thrones of kings her curule chair,
And by her fasces aw'd the subject world.
See busy millions quickening all the land,
With cities throng'd, and teeming culture high;
For Nature then smil'd on her free-born sons,
And pour'd the plenty that belongs to Men.
Behold, the country cheering, villas rise
In lively prospect, by the secret lapse
Of brooks now lost and streams renown'd in song:
In Umbria's closing vales, or on the brow
Of her brown hills that breathe the scented gale;
On Baiæ's viney coast, where peaceful seas,
Fann'd by kind zephyrs, ever kiss the shore,
And suns unclouded shine thro' purest air;
Or in the spacious neighbourhood of Rome,

Far-shining upward to the Sabine hills,
To Anio's roar and Tibet's olive shade,
To where Preneste lifts her airy brow,
Or downward spreading to the sunny shore,
Where Alba breathes the freshness of the main.
See distant mountains leave their vallies dry,
And o'er the proud Arcade their tribute pour,
To love imperial Rome. For ages laid,
Deep, massy, firm, diverging every way,
With tombs of heroes sacred, see her roads,
By various nations trod, and suppliant kings,
With legions flaming, or with triumph gay.
Full in the centre of these wondrous works,
The pride of earth! Rome in her glory see!
Behold her demigods, in senate met,
All head to counsel, and all heart to act;
The Commonweal inspiring every tongue
With fervent eloquence, unbrib'd, and bold,
Ere tame Corruption taught the servile herd
To rank obedient to a master's voice.
Her forum see, warm, popular, and loud,
In trembling wonder hush'd, when the two Sires,*
As they the private father greatly quell'd,
Stood up the public fathers of the state.
See Justice judging there in human shape!
Hark! how with Freedom's voice it thunders high,
Or in soft murmurs sinks to Tully's tongue.

---

* L. J. Brutus and Virginius.

Her Tribes her Census see; her generous troops,
Whose pay was glory, and their best reward
Free for their country and for me to die,
Ere mercenary murder grew a trade.
Mark, as the purple triumph waves along,
The highest pomp and lowest fall of life.
Her festive games, the school of heroes, see;
Her Circus, ardent with contending youth;
Her streets, her temples, palaces, and baths,
Full of fair forms, of Beauty's eldest born,
And of a people cast in Virtue's mould:
While Sculpture lives around, and Asian hills
Lend their best stores to heave the pillar'd dome;
All that to Roman strength the softer touch
Of Grecian art can join. But language fails
To paint this sun, this centre of mankind,
Where every virtue, glory, treasure, art,
Attracted strong, in heightened lustre met.
Need I the contrast mark? unjoyous view!
A land in all, in government and arts,
In virtue, genius, earth, and heav'n, revers'd.
Who but these far-fam'd ruins to behold,
Proofs of a people whose heroic aims
Soar'd far above the little selfish sphere
Of doubting modern life; who but inflam'd
With classic zeal, these consecrated scenes
Of men and deeds to trace, unhappy land!
Would trust thy wilds, and cities loose of sway?

Are these the vales that, once, exulting states
In their warm bosom fed? the mountains these
On whose high blooming sides my sons, of old,
I bred to glory? these dejected towns,
Where, mean and sordid, life can scarce subsist,
The scenes of ancient opulence and pomp?
Come! by whatever sacred name disguis'd,
Oppression! come, and in thy works rejoice!
See Nature's richest plains to putrid fens
Turn'd by thy fury. From their cheerful bounds
See raz'd th' enlivening village, farm and seat.
First rural Toil, by thy rapacious hand
Robb'd of his poor reward, resign'd the plow,
And now he dares not turn the noxious glebe:
'Tis thine entire. The lonely swain himself,
Who loves at large along the grassy downs
His flocks to pasture, thy drear champain flies.
Far as the sickening eye can sweep around,
'Tis all one desert, desolate, and gray,
Graz'd by the sullen buffalo alone;
And where the rank uncultivated growth
Of rotting ages taints the passing gale.
Beneath the baleful blast the city pines,
Or sinks enfeebled, or infected burns.
Beneath it mourns the solitary road,
Roll'd in rude mazes o'er th' abandon'd waste,
While ancient ways, ingulf'd, are seen no more.
Such thy dire plains, thou self-destroyer! foe

To human-kind! Thy mountains, too, profuse,
Where savage Nature blooms, seem their sad plaint
To raise against thy desolating rod.
There on the breezy brow, where thriving states
And famous cities, once, to the pleas'd sun
Far other scenes of rising culture spread,
Pale shine thy ragged towns. Neglected round
Each harvest pines, the livid, lean produce
Of heartless Labour; while thy hated joys,
Not proper pleasure, lift the lazy hand.
Better to sink in sloth the woes of life,
Than wake their rage with unavailing toil.
Hence drooping Art almost to Nature leaves
The rude unguided year. Thin wave the gifts
Of yellow Ceres, thin the radiant blush
Of orchard reddens in the warmest ray.
To weedy wildness run, no rural wealth
(Such as dictators fed) the garden pours.
Crude the wild olive flows, and foul the vine;
Nor juice Cœcubian nor Falernian more
Streams life and joy, save in the Muse's bowl.
Unseconded by art, the spinning race
Draw the bright thread in vain, and idly toil.
In vain, forlorn in wilds, the citron blows,
And flowering plants perfume the desert gale.
Thro' the vile thorn the tender myrtle twines:
Inglorious droops the laurel, dead to song,
And long a stranger to the hero's brow.

Nor half thy triumphs this, cast from brute fields
Into the haunts of men thy ruthless eye.
There buxom Plenty never turns her horn;
The grace and virtue of exterior life,
No clean Convenience reigns; even Sleep itself,
Least delicate of powers, reluctant, there
Lays on the bed impure his heavy head.
Thy horrid walk! dead, empty, unadorn'd;
See streets whose echoes never know the voice
Of cheerful Hurry, Commerce many-tongu'd,
And Art mechanic at his various task,
Fervent, employ'd. Mark the desponding race,
Of occupation void, as void of hope;
Hope, the glad ray glanc'd from Eternal Good,
That life enlivens, and exalts its powers,
With views of fortune---madness all to them!
By thee relentless seiz'd their better joys,
To the soft aid of cordial airs they fly,
Breathing a kind oblivion o'er their woes,
And love and music melt their souls away.
Prom feeble Justice see how rash Revenge
Trembling, the balance snatches, and the sword,
Fearful himself, to venal ruffians gives.
See where God's altar, nursing Murder, stands
With the red touch of dark assassins stain'd.
But chief let Rome, the mighty City! speak
The full exerted genius of thy reign.
Behold her rise amid the lifeless waste,

Expiring Nature all corrupted round;
While the lone Tiber, thro' the desert plain
Winds his waste stores, and sullen sweeps along.
Patch'd from my fragments, in unsolid pomp,
Mark how the temple glares, and, artful drest,
Amusive, draws the superstitious train.
Mark how the palace lifts a lying front,
Concealing often, in magnific jail,
Proud Want; a deep unanimated gloom!
And oft' adjoining to the drear abode
Of Misery, whose melancholy walls
Seem its voracious grandeur to reproach.
Within the City-bounds the desert see:
See the rank vine o'er subterranean roofs
Indecent spread, beneath whose fretted gold
It once exulting flow'd. The people mark,
Matchless, while fir'd by me; to public good
Inexorably firm, just, generous, brave,
Afraid of nothing but unworthy life,
Elate with glory, an heroic soul
Known to the vulgar breast; behold them now
A thin despairing number, all-subdu'd,
The slaves of slaves, by superstition fool'd,
By vice unmann'd, and a licentious rule,
In guile ingenious, and in murder brave.
Such in one land, beneath the same fair clime,
Thy sons, Oppression! are, and such were mine.
Even with thy labour'd pomp, for whose vain show

Deluded thousands starve, all age be-grim'd,
Torn, robb'd, and scatter'd in unnumber'd sacks,
And by the tempest of two thousand years
Continual shaken, let my ruins vie,
These roads that yet the Roman hand assert,
Beyond the weak repair of modern toil;
These fractur'd arches, that the chiding stream
No more delighted hear; these rich remains
Of marbles now unknown, where shines, imbib'd,
Each parent ray; these massy columns, hew'd
From Afric's farthest shore; one granite all
These obelisks high-towering to the sky,
Mysterious mark'd with dark Egyptian lore;
These endless wonders that this Sacred Way *
Illumine still, and consecrate to fame;
These fountains, vases, urns, and statues, charg'd
With the fine stores of art-completing Greece:
Mine is, besides, thy every later boast;
Thy Buonarotis, thy Palladios, mine:
And mine the fair designs which Raphael's † soul
O'er the live canvas, emanating, breath'd.
What would you say, ye Conquerors of earth!
Ye Romans! could you raise the laurell'd head?
Could you the country see, by seas of blood,
And the dread toil of ages, won so dear,

* Via Sacra.

† M. Angelo Buonaroti, Palladio, and Raphael D'Urbino, the three great modern masters in sculpture, architecture, and painting.

Your pride, your triumph, your supreme delight!
For whose defence oft', in the doubtful hour,
You rush'd with rapture down the gulf of Fate,
Of death ambitious! till by awful deeds,
Virtues and courage, that amaze mankind,
The Queen of Nations rose, possest of all
Which Nature, Art, and Glory, could bestow!
What would you say, deep in the last abyss
Of slavery, vice, and unambitious want,
Thus to behold her sunk? Your crowded plains
Void of their cities, unadorn'd your hills,
Ungrac'd your lakes, your ports to ships unknown,
Your lawless floods, and your abandon'd streams,
These could you know? these could you love again?
Thy Tiber, Horace! could it now inspire
Content, poetic ease, and rural joy,
Soon bursting into song, while thro' the groves
Of headlong Anio, dashing to the vale,
In many a tortur'd stream you mus'd along?
Yon' wild retreat, where Superstition dreams,
Could, Tully, you your Tusculum * believe?
And could you deem yon' naked hills, that form,
Fam'd in old song, the ship-forsaken bay, †
Your Formian shore, once the delight of earth,

---

* Tusculum is reckoned to have stood at a place now called *Grotta Ferrata*, a convent of Monks.

† The bay of Mola (anciently *Formiæ*) into which Homer brings Ulysses and his companions. Near *Formiæ* Cicero had a villa.

Where Art and Nature, ever-smiling, join'd
On the gay land to lavish all their stores?
How chang'd, how vacant, Virgil! wide around,
Would now your Naples seem? disaster'd less
By black Vesuvius thundering o'er the coast,
His midnight earthquakes and his mining fires,
Than by despotic rage; * that inward gnaws,
A native foe; a foreign tears without.
First from your flatter'd Cæsars this began,
Till doom'd to tyrants an eternal prey,
Thin-peopled spreads, at last, the syren plain †
That the dire soul of Hannibal disarm'd,
And wrapt in weeds the shore of Venus lies. ‡
There Baiae sees no more the joyous throng,
Her banks all beaming with the pride of Rome:
No generous vines now bask along the hills,
Where sport the breezes of the Tyrrhene main:
With baths and temples mixt, no villas rise;
Nor, art-sustain'd amid reluctant waves,
Draw the cool murmurs of the breathing deep:
No spreading ports their sacred arms extend;
No mighty moles the big intrusive storm,
From the calm station, roll resounding back.
An almost total desolation sits,

* Naples, then under the Austrian government.

† *Campagna Felice*, adjoining to Capua.

‡ The coast of Baiae, which was formerly adorned with the works mentioned in the following lines; and where, amidst many magnificent ruins, those of a temple erected to Venus are still to be seen.

A dreary stillness, saddening o'er the coast;
Where, * when soft suns and tepid winters rose,
Rejoicing crowds inhal'd the balm of peace;
Where city'd hill to hill reflected blaze;
And where, with Ceres, Bacchus wont to hold
A genial strife. Her youthful form, robust,
Even Nature yields, by fire and earthquake rent;
Whole stately cities in the dark abrupt
Swallow'd at once, or vile in rubbish laid,
A nest for serpents; from the red abyss
New hills, explosive, thrown: the Lucrine lake
A reedy pool, and all to Cuma's point
The ca re[illegible]ering his usurp'd domain,
And pour'd triumphant o'er the bury'd dome.
Hence, Britain! learn, my best-establish'd last,
And, more than Greece or Rome, my steady reign;
The land where, king and people equal bound
By guardian laws, my fullest blessings flow,
And where my jealous unsubmitting soul,
The dread of tyrants! burns in every breast:
Learn hence, if such the miserable fate
Of an heroic race, the masters once
Of human kind, what, when depriv'd of me,
How grievous must be thine? In spite of climes,
Whose sun-enliven'd ether wakes the soul
To higher powers, in spite of happy soils

* All along this coast the ancient Romans had their winter retreats, and several populous cities stood.

hat, but by Labour's slightest aid impell'd,
Vith treasures teem to thy cold clime unknown,
there desponding fail the common arts
nd sustenance of life, could life itself,
ar less a thoughtless tyrant's hollow pomp,
ubsist with thee? Against depressing skies,
oin'd to full spread Oppression's cloudy brow,
low could thy spirits hold? where vigour find
'orc'd fruits to tear from their unnative soil?
)r, storing every harvest in thy ports,
'o plough the dreadful all-producing wave?
Here paus'd the goddess: by the pause as ur'd,
n trembling accents thus I mov'd my prayer:
' Oh! first and most benevo'ent of powers!
' Come from eternal splendors, here on earth,
' Against despotic pride, and rage, and lust,
' To shield mankind, to raise them to assert
" The native rights and honour of their race,
" Teach me, thy lowest subject, but in zeal
" Yielding to none, the progress of thy reign,
" And with a strain from thee enrich the Muse.
" As thee alone she serves, her patron, thou,
" And great inspirer, be! then will she joy,
" Tho' narrow life her lot, and private shade,
" And when her venal voice she barters vile,
" Or to thy open or thy secret foes,
" May ne'er those sacred raptures touch her more,
" By slavish hearts unfelt! and may her song

" Sink in oblivion with the nameless crew!
" Vermin of state! to thy o'erflowing light
" That owe their being, yet betray thy cause."
Then, condescending kind, the heavenly Power
Return'd---" What here, suggested by the scene,
" I slight unfold, record and sing at home,
" In that blest isle where (so we spirits move)
" With one quick effort of my will I am:
" There Truth, unlicens'd, walks, and dares accost
" Even kings themselves, the monarchs of the Free!
" Fix'd on my rock, there an indulgent race
" O'er Britons wield the sceptre of their choice:
" And there, to finish what his sires began,
" A Prince behold! for me who burns sincere,
" Even with a subject's zeal. He my great work
" Will, parent-like, sustain, and added give
" The touch the Graces and the Muses owe:
" For Britain's glory swells his panting breast,
" And ancient arts he emulous revolves;
" His pride to let the smiling heart abroad,
" Thro' clouds of pomp, that but conceal the man:
" To please his pleasure, bounty his delight,
" And all the soul of Titus dwells in him."
Hail, glorious theme! but how, alas! shall verse,
From the crude stores of mortal language drawn,
How, faint and tedious, sing what, piercing deep,
The goddess flash'd at once upon my soul?
For, clear precision all, the tongue of gods

Is harmony itself;- to every ear
Familiar, known like light to every eye.
Mean time disclosing ages, as she spoke,
In long succession pour'd their empires forth;
Scene after scene, the human drama spread,
And still th' embodied picture rose to sight.
Oh Thou! to whom the Muses owe their flame,
Who bidd'st, beneath the Pole, Parnassus rise,
And Hippocrenè flow, with thy bold ease,
The striking force, the lightning of thy thought,
And thy strong phrase, that rolls profound and clear,
Oh! gracious Goddess! re-inspire my song,
While I, to nobler than poetic fame
Aspiring, thy commands to Britons bear.

GREECE.

LIBERTY.

PART II.

The Contents.

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THUS spoke the goddess of the fearless eye,
And at her voice renew'd, the Vision rose.
First, in the dawn of time, with eastern swains,
In woods, and tents, and cottages, I liv'd,
While on from plain to plain they led their flocks,
In search of clearer spring and fresher field,

These, as increasing families disclos'd
The tender state, I taught an equal sway.
Few were offences, properties, and laws.
Beneath the rural portal, palm-o'erspread,
The father-senate met. There Justice dealt,
With reason then and equity the same,
Free as the common air her prompt decree;
Nor yet had stain'd her sword with subjects' blood.
The simpler arts were all their simpler wants
Had urg'd to light; but instant, these supply'd,
Another set of fonder wants arose,
And other arts with them of finer aim,
Till, from refining want to want impell'd,
The Mind by thinking push'd her latent pow'rs,
And life began to glow, and arts to shine.
At first, on brutes alone the rustic war
Launched the rude spear; swift as he glar'd along,
On the grim lion or the robber wolf!
For then young sportive Life was void of toil,
Demanding little and with little pleas'd;
But when to manhood grown, and endless joys,
Led on by equal toils the bosom fir'd,
Lewd lazy Rapine broke primeval Peace,
And, hid in caves and idle forests drear,
From the lone pilgrim and the wandering swain
Seiz'd what he durst not earn. Then brothers' blood
First, horrid, smok'd on the polluted skies.
Awful in justice, then the burning youth,

Led by their tempered sires, on lawless men,
The last worst monsters of the shaggy wood,
Turn'd the keen arrow and the sharpen'd spear.
Then war grew glorious. Heroes then arose
Who, scorning coward self, for others liv'd,
Toil'd for their ease, and for their safety bled.
West with the living day to Greece I came:
Earth smil'd beneath my beam: the Muse before
Sonorous flew, that low, till then, in woods
Had tun'd the reed, and sigh'd the shepherd's pain:
But now, to sing heroic deeds, she swell'd
A nobler note, and bade the banquet burn.
For Greece my sons of Egypt I forsook,
A boastful race, that in the vain abyss
Of fabling ages lov'd to lose their source,
And with their river trac'd it from the skies.
While there my laws alone despotic reign'd,
And kings as well as people proud obey'd;
I taught t' em science, virtue, wisdom, arts;
By poets, sages, legislators sought,
The school of polish'd life and human-kind:
But when mysterious Superstition came,
And, with her Civil Sister * leagu'd, involv'd
In study'd darkness the desponding mind,
Then tyrant Power the righteous scourge unloos'd:
For yielded reason speaks the soul a slave.
Instead of useful works, like Nature's great,

---

* Civil tyranny.

Enormous, cruel wonders crush'd the land,
And round a tyrant's tomb, * who none deserv'd,
For one vile carcass perish'd countless lives.
Then the great Dragon, † couch'd amid his floods,
Swell'd his fierce heart, and cry'd---" This flood is mine,
" 'Tis I that bid it flow." But, undeceiv'd,
His phrenzy soon the proud blasphemer felt;
Felt that, without my fertilizing power,
Suns lost their force, and Niles o'erflow'd in vain.
Nought could retard me; nor the frugal state
Of rising Persia, sober in extreme,
Beyond the pitch of man, and thence revers'd
Into luxurious waste; nor yet the ports
Of old Phœnícia, first for letters fam'd,
That paint the voice, and silent speak to sight,
Of arts prime source and guardian! by fair stars,
First tempted out into the lonely deep,
To whom I first disclos'd mechanic arts,
The winds to conquer, to subdue the waves,
With all the peaceful power of ruling trade,
Earnest of Britain. Nor by these retain'd,
Nor by the neighbouring land, whose palmy shore
The silver Jordan laves: before me lay
The promis'd land of arts, and urg'd my flight.
Hail, Nature's utmost boast! unrivall'd Greece!
My fairest reign! where every power benign
Conspir'd to blow the flower of human-kind,

---

* The pyramids. † The tyrants of Egypt.

And lavish'd all that Genius can inspire,
Clear sunny climates, by the breezy main,
Ionian or Ægæan, temper'd kind:
Light airy soils: a country rich and gay,
Broke into hills with balmy odours crown'd,
And, bright with purple harvest, joyous vales:
Mountains & streams where verse spontaneous flow'd;
Whence deem'd by wondering men the seat of gods,
And still the mountains and the streams of song.
All that boon Nature could luxuriant pour
Of high materials, and my restless arts
Frame into finish'd life. How many states,
And clustering towns, and monuments of fame,
And scenes of glorious deeds, in little bounds,
From the rough tract of bending mountains, beat
By Adria's here, there by Ægæan waves,
To where the deep-adorning Cyclade Isles
In shining prospect rise, and on the shore
Of farthest Crete resounds the Libyan main?
O'er all two rival cities rear'd the brow,
And balanc'd all. Spread on Eurotas' bank,
Amid a circle of soft-rising hills,
The patient Sparta one; the sober, hard,
And man-subduing city, which no shape
Of pain could conquer, or of pleasure charm.
Lycurgus there built, on the solid base
Of equal life, so well a tempered state,
Where mix'd each government in such just poise,

Each power so checking and supporting each,
That firm for ages, and unmov'd it stood,
The fort of Greece! without one giddy hour,
One shock of faction, or of party rage.
For, drain'd the springs of wealth, corruption there
Lay wither'd at the root. Thrice happy land!
Had not neglected Art, with weedy Vice
Confounded, sunk. But if Athenian arts
Lov'd not the soil, yet there the calm abode
Of Wisdom, Virtue, philosophic Ease,
Of manly Sense and Wit, in frugal phrase
Confin'd, and press'd into laconic force.
There, too, by rooting thence still treacherous Self
The public and the private grew the same:
The children of the nursing Public all,
And at its table fed; for that they toil'd,
For that they liv'd entire, and even for that
The tender mother urg'd her son to die.
Of softer genius, but not less intent
To seize the palm of empire, Athens rose,
Where, with bright marbles big and future pomp,
Hymettus* spread, amid the scented sky,
His thymy treasures to the labouring bee,
And to botanic hand the stores of health,
Wrapt in a soul-attenuating clime,
Between Ilissus† and Cephissus glow'd

---

* A mountain near Athens.
† Two rivers, betwixt which Athens was situated.

This hive of Science, shedding sweets divine
Or active arts and animated arms.
There passionate for me, and easy-mov'd,
A quick, refin'd, a delicate, humane,
Enlightened people, reign'd. Oft' on the brink
Of ruin, hurry'd by the charm of speech,
Inforcing hasty counsel immature,
Totter'd the rash Democracy, unpois'd,
And by the rage devour'd that ever tears
A populace unequal; part too rich,
And part or fierce with want or abject grown.
Solon, at last, their mild restorer, rose,
Allay'd the tempest, to the calm of laws
Reduc'd the settling whole, and, with the weight
Which the two Senates * to the public lent,
As with an anchor, fix'd the driving state.
Nor was my forming care to these confin'd;
For emulation thro' the whole I pour'd;
Noble contention! who should most excel
In government well-pois'd, adjusted best
To public weal; in countries cultur'd high,
In ornamented towns, where order reigns,
Free social life, and polish'd manners fair;
In exercise and arms, arms only drawn

---

* The Areopagus, or supreme court of judicature, which Solon reform'd and improv'd; and the council of *Four Hundred* by him instituted. In this council all affairs of state were deliberated, before they came to be voted in the assembly of the people.

For common Greece, to quell the Persian pride;
In moral science, and in graceful arts.
Hence, as for glory peacefully they strove,
The prize grew greater, and the prize of all.
By contest brighten'd, hence the radiant youth
Pour'd every beam; by generous pride inflam'd,
Felt every ardour burn; their great reward
The verdant wreath which sounding Pisa* gave.
Hence flourish'd Greece, and hence a race of men,
As gods by conscious future times ador'd,
In whom each virtue wore a smiling air,
Each science shed o'er life a friendly light,
Each art was nature. Spartan valour, hence,
At the fam'd pass† firm as an isthmus stood,
And the whole eastern ocean, waving far
As eye could dart its vision, nobly check'd.
While in extended battle at the field
Of Marathon, my keen Athenians drove
Before their ardent band an host of slaves.
Hence thro' the continent ten thousand Greeks
Urg'd a retreat, whose glory not the prime
Of victories can reach. Deserts, in vain,
Oppos'd their course, and hostile lands, unknown,
And deep rapacious floods, dire-bank'd with death,
And mountains, in whose jaws Destruction grinn'd,
Hunger and toil, Armenian snows and storms,

* Or Olympia, the city where the Olpmpic games were celebrated.

† The Straits of Thermopylæ.

And circling myriads still of barbarous foes.
Greece in their view, and glory yet untouch'd,
Their steady column pierc'd the scattering herds
Which a whole empire pour'd, and held its way
Triumphant, by the sage-exalted Chief*
Fir'd and sustain'd. Oh! light and force of mind
Almost almighty, in severe extremes!
The sea at last from Colchian mountains seen,
Kind-hearted transport round their Captains threw
The soldiers' fond embrace; o'erflow'd their eyes
With tender floods, and loos'd the general voice
To cries resounding loud---The sea! The sea!
In Attic bounds hence heroes, sages, wits,
Shone thick as stars the milky way of Greece!
And tho' gay wit and pleasing grace was theirs,
All the soft modes of elegance and ease,
Yet was not courage less, the patient touch
Of toiling art, and disquisition deep.
My spirit pours a vigour thro' the soul,
Th' unfetter'd thought with energy inspires,
Invincible in arts, in the bright field
Of nobler science, as in that of arms.
Athenians thus not less intrepid burst
The bonds of tyrant darkness, than they spurn'd
The Persian chains; while thro' the city, full
Of mirthful quarrel and of witty war,
Incessant struggled taste refining taste,

---

* Xenophon.

And friendly free discussion, calling forth
From the fair jewel Truth its latent ray.
O'er all shone out the great Athenian sage, *
And father of philosophy; the sun
From whose white blaze, emerg'd, each various sect
Took various teints, but with diminish'd beam.
Tutor of Athens! he in every street
Dealt priceless treasure; goodness his delight,
Wisdom his wealth, and glory his reward.
Deep thro' the human heart, with playful art,
His simple question stole, as into truth
And serious deeds he smil'd the laughing race;
Taught moral happy life whate'er can bless
Or grace mankind; and what he taught he was.
Compounded high, tho' plain, his doctrine broke
In different schools. The bold poetic phrase
Of figur'd Plato, Xenophon's pure strain,
Like the clear brook that steals along the vale,
Dissecting truth, the Stagyrite's keen eye,
Th' exalted Stoic pride, the Cynic sneer,
The slow-consenting academic doubt;
And, joining bliss to virtue, the glad ease
Of Epicurus, seldom understood.
They, ever-candid, reason still oppos'd
To reason, and, since virtue was their aim,
Each by sure practice tried to prove his way
The best. Then stood untouch'd the solid base

* Socrates.

Of Liberty, the liberty of mind;
For systems yet, and soul-enslaving creeds,
Slept with the monsters of succeeding times.
From priestly darkness sprung th' enlightening arts
Of fire, and sword, and rage, and horrid names.
O Greece! thou sapient nurse of finer arts!
Which to bright Science blooming fancy bore,
Be this thy praise, that thou, and thou alone,
In these hast led the way, in these excell'd,
Crown'd with the laurel of assenting Time.
In thy full language, speaking mighty things,
Like a clear torrent close, or else diffus'd
A broad majestic stream, and rolling on
Thro' all the winding harmony of sound,
In it the power of eloquence, at large,
Breath'd the persuasive or pathetic soul,
Still'd by degrees the democratic storm,
Or bade it threatening rise, and tyrants shook,
Flush'd at the head of their victorious troops.
In it the Muse, her fury never quench'd
By mean unyielding phrase, or jarring sound,
Her unconfin'd divinity display'd,
And, still harmonious, form'd it to her will,
Or soft depress'd it to the shepherd's moan,
Or rais'd it swelling to the tongue of gods.
Heroic song was thine, the fountain bard, *
Whence each poetic stream derives its course.

---

* Homer.

Thine the dread moral scene, thy chief delight!
Where idle Fancy durst not mix her voice,
When Reason spoke august; the fervent heart
Or plain'd or storm'd, and in th' impassion'd man,
Concealing art with art, the poet sunk.
This potent school of manners, but when left
To loose neglect, a land-corrupting plague,
Was not unworthy deem'd of public care
And boundless cost, by thee, whose every son,
Even last mechanic, the true taste possess'd
Of what had flavour to the nourish'd soul.
The sweet enforcer of the poet's strain,
Thine was the meaning music of the heart;
Not the vain trill that, void of passion, runs,
In giddy mazes, tickling idle ears,
But that deep-searching voice, and artful hand,
To which respondent shakes the varied soul.
Thy fair ideas, thy delightful forms,
By Love imagin'd, by the Graces touch'd,
The boast of well-pleas'd Nature! Sculpture seiz'd,
And bade them ever smile in Parian stone.
Selecting Beauty's choice, and that again
Exalting, blending in a perfect whole,
Thy workmen left even Nature's self behind.
From those far different, whose prolific hand
Peoples a nation, they for years on years,
By the cool touches of judicious toil,
Their rapid genius curbing, pour'd it all
Thro' the live features of one breathing stone.

There, beaming full, it shone, expressing gods;
Jove's awful brow, Apollo's air divine,
The fierce atrocious frown of sinewed Mars,
Or the sly graces of the Cyprian Queen.
Minutely perfect all! each dimple sunk,
And every muscle swell'd, as Nature taught.
In tresses, braided gay, the marble wav'd,
Flow'd in loose robes, or thin transparent veils;
Sprung into motion, softened into flesh,
Was fir'd to passion, or refin'd to soul.

Nor less thy pencil, with creative touch,
Shed mimic life, when all thy brightest dames
Assembled, Zeuxis in his Helen mix'd.
And when Apelles, who peculiar knew
To give a grace that more than mortal smil'd,
The soul of Beauty! call'd the Queen of Love
Fresh from the billows, blushing orient charms.
Even such enchantment then thy pencil pour'd,
That cruel-thoughted War th' impatient torch
Dash'd to the ground, and, rather than destroy
The patriot picture, * let the city 'scape.

First elder Sculpture taught her sister Art
Correct design, where great ideas shone,
And in the secret trace expression spoke:

* When Demetrius besieged Rhodes, and could have reduced the city, by setting fire to that quarter of it where stood the house of the celebrated Protogenes, he chose rather to raise the siege than hazard the burning of a famous picture called Jasylus, the master-piece of that painter.

'aught her the graceful attitude, the turn,
\nd beauteous airs of head, the native act,
)r bold or easy; and, cast free behind,
The swelling mantle's well-adjusted flow.
Then the bright Muse, their eldest sister, came,
And bade her follow where she led the way;
Bade earth, and sea, and air, in colours rise,
And copious action on the canvass glow;
Gave her gay fable, spread invention's store,
Enlarg'd her view, taught composition high,
And just arrangement, circling round one point,
That starts to sight, binds and commands the whole.
Caught from the heavenly Muse a nobler aim,
And scorning the soft trade of mere delight,
O'er all thy temples, porticoes, and schools.
Heroic deeds she trac'd, and warm display'd
Each mortal beauty to the ravish'd eye.
There, as th' imagin'd presence of the God
Arous'd the mind, or vacant hours induc'd
Calm contemplation, or assembled youth
Burn'd in ambitious circle round the sage,
The living lesson stole into the heart
With more prevailing force than dwells in words.
These rouse to glory, while to rural life
The softer canvas oft' repos'd the soul.
There gaily broke the sun-illumin'd cloud,
The less'ning prospect, and the mountain blue,
Vanish'd in air; the precipice frown'd dire;

White down the rock the rushing torrent dash'd;
The sun shone, trembling, o'er the distant main;
The tempest foam'd, immense; the driving storm
Sadden'd the skies, and from the doubling gloom,
On the scath'd oak the ragged lightning fell;
In closing shades, and where the current strays,
With peace, and love, and innocence, around,
Pip'd the lone shepherd to his feeding flock;
Round happy parents smil'd their younger selves,
And friends convers'd, by death divided long.

To public virtues thus the smiling Arts,
Unblemish'd handmaids! serv'd: the Graces they
To dress this fairest Venus. Thus rever'd,
And plac'd beyond the reach of sordid care,
The high awarders of immortal fame,
Alone for glory thy great masters strove;
Courted by kings, and by contending states
Assum'd the boasted honour of their birth.

In Architecture, too, thy rank supreme!
That art where most magnificent appears
The little builder Man; by thee refin'd,
And, smiling high, to full perfection brought.
Such thy sure rules, that Goths of every age,
Who scorn'd their aid, have only loaded earth
With labour'd heavy monuments of shame:
Not those gay domes that o'er thy splendid shore
Shot, all proportion, up. First unadorn'd,
And nobly plain, the manly Doric rose.

Th' Ionic then, with decent matron grace,
Her airy pillar heav'd: luxuriant last,
The rich Corinthian spread her wanton wreath;
The whole so measur'd true, so lessen'd off
By fine proportion, that the marble pile,
Form'd to repel the still or stormy waste
Of rolling ages, light as fabrics look'd
That from the magic wand aërial rise.
These were the wonders that illumin'd Greece
From end to end. Here interrupting warm,
Where are they now? (I cry'd) say, Goddess! where?
And what the land thy darling thus of old?
Sunk! she resum'd; deep in the kindred gloom
Of Superstition and of Slavery sunk!
No glory now can touch their hearts, benumb'd
By loose dejected sloth and servile fear;
No science pierce the darkness of their minds;
No nobler art the quick ambitious soul
Of imitation in their breast awake.
Even to supply the needful arts of life
Mechanic toil denies the hopeless hand,
Scarce any trace remaining, vestige gray,
Or nodding column, on the desert shore,
To point where Corinth or where Athens stood.
A faithless land of violence and death!
Where Commerce parleys, dubious, on the shore,
And his wild impulse curious Search restrains,
Afraid to trust th' inhospitable clime.

Neglected Nature fails; in sordid want
Sunk, and debas'd, their beauty beams no more.
The Sun himself seems, angry, to regard,
Of light unworthy, the degenerate race,
And fires them off' with pestilential rays;
While earth, blue poison steaming on the skies,
Indignant shakes them from her troubled sides.
But as from man to man, Fate's first decree,
Impartial Death the tide of riches rolls,
So states must die, and Liberty go round.

Fierce was the stand ere Virtue, Valour, Arts,
And the soul fir'd by me (that often stung
With thoughts of better times and old renown,
From hydra-tyrants try'd to clear the land)
Lay quite extinct in Greece, their works effac'd,
And gross o'er all unfeeling bondage spread.
Sooner I mov'd my much-reluctant flight,
Pois'd on the doubtful wing, when Greece with Greece,
Embroil'd in foul contention, fought no more
For common glory and for common weal,
But, false to Freedom, sought to quell the free,
Broke the firm band of peace, and sacred love,
That lent the whole irrefragable force,
And, as around the partial trophy blush'd,
Prepar'd the way for total overthrow.
Then to the Persian power, whose pride they scorn'd,
When Xerxes pour'd his millions o'er the land,
Sparta by turns, and Athens, vilely sued,

Sued to be venal parricides, to spill
Their country's bravest blood, and on themselves
To turn their matchless mercenary arms.
Peaceful in Susa, then, sat the Great King, *
And by the trick of treaties, the still waste
Of sly corruption and Barbaric gold,
Effected what his steel could ne'er perform.
Profuse he gave them the luxurious draught,
Inflaming all the land; unbalanc'd wide
Their tottering states, their wild assemblies rul'd,
As the winds turn at every blast the seas,
And by their listed orators, whose breath
Still with a factious storm infested Greece,
Rous'd them to civil war, or dash'd them down
To sordid peace †---Peace! that when Sparta shook
Astonished Artaxerses on his throne,
Gave up, fair-spread o'er Asia's sunny shore,
Their kindred cities to perpetual chains.
What could so base, so infamous a thought
In Spartan hearts inspire? Jealous, they saw
Respiring Athens ‡ rear again her walls,

---

* So the kings of Persia were called by the Greeks.

† The peace made by Antalcidas, the Lacedemonian admiral, with the Persians; by which the Lacedemonian abandoned all the Greeks established in the Lesser Asia to the dominion of the King of Persia.

‡ Athens had been dismantled by the Lacedemonians, at the end of the first Peloponnesian war, and was at this time restored by Conon to its former splendour.

And the pale fury fir'd them once again
To crush this rival city to the dust.
For now no more the noble social soul
Of Liberty my families combin'd,
But by short views and selfish passions broke,
Dire as when friends are rankled into foes,
They mix'd severe, and wag'd eternal war;
Nor felt they, furious, their exhausted force;
Nor, with false glory, discord, madness blind,
Saw how the blackening storm from Thracia came.
Long years roll'd on, by many a battle stain'd, * 470
The blush and boast of Fame! where courage, art,
And military glory, shone supreme;
But let detesting ages, from the scene
Of Greece, self-mangled, turn the sickening eye.
At last, when bleeding from a thousand wounds
She felt her spirits fail, and in the dust
Her latest heroes, Nicias, Conon, lay,
Agesilaus, and the Theban friends,†
The Macedonian vulture mark'd his time,
By the dire scent of Cheronæa ‡ lur'd, 480
And, fierce descending, seiz'd his hapless prey.
Thus tame submitted to the victor's yoke
Greece! once the gay, the turbulent, the bold,
For every Grace, and Muse, and Science, born;

---

* The Peloponnesian war.
† Pelopidas and Epaminondas.
‡ The battle of Cheronæa, in which Philip of Macedon utterly defeated the Greeks.

With arts of war, of government elate;
To tyrants dreadful, dreadful to the best;
Whom I myself could scarcely rule; and thus
The Persian fetters, that enthrall'd the mind,
Were turn'd to formal and apparent chains.
Unless Corruption first deject the pride
And guardian vigour of the free-born soul,
All crude attempts of violence are vain;
For firm within, and while at heart untouch'd,
Ne'er yet by force was Freedom overcome.
But soon as Independence stoops the head,
To vice enslav'd, and vice-created wants,
Then to some foul corrupting hand, whose waste
These heightened wants with fatal bounty feeds,
From man to man the slackening ruin runs,
Till the whole State, unnerv'd, in slavery sinks.

ROME.

LIBERTY.

PART III.

The Contents.

AS this Part contains a description of the establishment of Liberty in Rome, it begins with a view of the Grecian colonies settled in the southern parts of Italy, which, with Sicily, constituted the Great Greece of the Ancients. With these colonies the spirit of Liberty, and of Republics, spreads over Italy, to ver. 32. Transition to Pythagoras and his philosophy, which he taught through these free states and cities, to ver. 71. Amidst the many small republics in Italy, Rome the destined seat of Liberty. Her establishment there dated from the expulsion of the Tarquins. How differing from that in Greece, to ver. 88. Reference to a view of the Roman Republic given in the First Part of this Poem; to mark its rise and fall the peculiar purport of this. During its first ages, the greatest force of Liberty and Virtue exerted, to ver. 103. The source whence derived the heroic virtues of the Romans. Enumeration of these virtues. Thence their security at home; their glory, success, and empire, abroad, to ver. 226. Bounds of the Roman Empire geographically described, to ver. 257. The states of Greece restored to liberty by Titus Quintus Flaminius, the highest instance of public generosity and beneficence, to ver. 328. The loss of Liberty in Rome. Its causes, progress, and completion, in the death of Brutus to ver. 485. Rome under the Emperors, to ver. 513. From Rome the Goddess of Liberty goes among the northern nations, where, by infusing into them her spirit and general principles, she lays the ground-work of her future establishments; sends them in vengeance on the Roman Empire, now totally enslaved; and then, with Arts and Sciences in her train, quits earth during the dark ages, to ver. 550. The celestial regions, to which Liberty retired, not proper to be opened to the view of mortals.

HERE melting mix'd with air th' ideal forms,
That painted still whate'er the goddess sung.

'hen I, impatient,---" From extinguish'd Greece,
'To what new region stream'd the human day?"
he, softly sighing, as when Zephyr leaves,
esign'd to Boreas, the declining year,
esum'd---indignant, these last scenes I fled, *
nd long ere then Leucadia's cloudy cliff,
nd the Ceraunian hills behind me thrown,
ll Latium stood arous'd. Ages before,
reat mother of republics! Greece had pour'd,
warm after swarm, her ardent youth around;
n Asia, Afric, Sicily, they stoop'd,
ut chief on fair Hesperia's winding shore,
Where from Lacinium † to Etrurian vales
hey roll'd increasing colonies along,
nd lent materials for my Roman reign.
With them my spirit spread, and numerous states
And cities rose, on Grecian models form'd,
As its parental policy and arts
Each had imbib'd. Besides, to each assign'd,
A guardian genius o'er the public weal
Kept an unclosing eye; try'd to sustain,
Or more, sublime the soul infus'd by me;
And strong the battle rose, with various wave,
Against the tyrant demons of the land.
Thus they their little wars and triumphs knew,
Their flows of fortune, and receding times,

* The last struggles of Liberty in Greece.
† A promontory in Calabria.

But almost all below the proud regard
Of story vow'd to Rome, on deeds intent,
That truth beyond the flight of fable bore.
Not so the Samian Sage;* to him belongs
The brightest witness of recording Fame.
For these free states his native isle† forsook,
And a vain tyrant's transitory smile,
He sought Crotona's pure salubrious air,
And thro' Great Greece‡ his gentle wisdom taught:
Wisdom that calm'd for listening years‖ the mind,
Nor ever heard amid the storm of zeal.
His mental eye first launch'd into the deeps
Of boundless ether, where unnumber'd orbs,
Myriads on myriads, thro' the pathless sky
Unerring roll, and wind their steady way.
There he the full consenting choir beheld,
There first discern'd the secret band of love,
The kind attraction that to central suns
Binds circling earths, and world with world unites.
Instructed thence, he great ideas form'd
Of the whole-moving all-informing God,
The sun of beings! beaming unconfin'd
Light, life, and love, and every active power;

---

* Pythagoras.

† Samos, over which then reigned the tyrant Polycrates.

‡ The southern parts of Italy and Sicily, so called, because of the Grecian colonies there settled.

‖ His scholars were enjoined silence for five years.

Whom nought can image, and who best approves
The silent worship of the moral heart,
That joys in bounteous Heaven, and spreads the joy.
Nor scorn'd the soaring sage to stoop to life,
And bound his reason to the sphere of man.
He gave the four yet reigning virtues* name;
Inspir'd the study of the finer arts,
That civilize mankind, and laws devis'd,
Where with enlighten'd justice mercy mix'd.
He even, into his tender system, took
Whatever shares the brotherhood of life.
He taught that life's indissoluble flame
From brute to man, and man to brute again,
For ever shifting, runs th' eternal round;
Thence try'd against the blood-polluted meal,
And limbs yet quivering with some kindred soul,
To turn the human heart. Delightful truth!
Had he beheld the living chain ascend,
And not a circling form, but rising whole.
Amid these small republics one arose,
On yellow Tiber's banks, almighty Rome!
Fated for me. A nobler spirit warm'd
Her sons; and rous'd by tyrants, nobler still
It burn'd in Brutus; the proud Tarquins chas'd,
With all their crimes; bade radiant æras rise,
And the long honours of the Consul-line.
Here from the fairer, not the greater, plan

---

* The four Cardinal virtues.

Of Greece I vary'd, whose unmixing states,
By the keen soul of Emulation pierc'd,
Long wag'd alone the bloodless war of Arts,
And their best empire gain'd; but to diffuse
O'er men an empire was my purpose now;
To let my martial majesty abroad;
Into the vortex of one state to draw
The whole mix'd force and liberty on earth;
To conquer tyrants, and set nations free.
Already have I given, with flying touch,
A broken view of this my amplest reign:
Now while its first, last, periods you survey,
Mark how it lab'ring rose, and rapid fell.
When Rome in noon-tide empire grasp'd the world,
And, soon as her resistless legions shone,
The nations stoop'd around; tho' then appear'd
Her grandeur most, yet in her dawn of power,
By many a jealous equal people press'd,
Then was the toil, the mighty struggle, then;
Then for each Roman I an hero told,
And every passing sun and Latian scene
Saw patriot virtues then, and awful deeds,
That or surpass the faith of modern times,
Or, if believ'd, with sacred horror strike.
For then, to prove my most exalted power,
I to the point of full perfection push'd,
To fondness and enthusiastic zeal,
The great, the reigning passion of the free!
That godlike passion! which, the bounds of self

Divinely bursting, the whole public takes
Into the heart, enlarg'd, and burning high
With the mix'd ardour of unnumber'd selves;
Of all who safe beneath the voted laws
Of the same parent state, fraternal live.
From this kind sun of moral nature flow'd
Virtues that shine the light of human-kind,
And, ray'd thro' story, warm remotest time.
These virtues too, reflected to their source,
Increas'd its flame. The social charm went round,
The fair idea, more attractive still,
As more by virtue mark'd, till Romans, all
One band of friends, unconquerable grew.

Hence, when their country rais'd her plaintive voice,
The voice of pleading Nature was not heard,
And in their hearts the fathers throbb'd no more;
Stern to themselves, but gentle to the whole.
Hence sweetened pain, the luxury of toil,
Patience that baffled Fortune's utmost rage,
High-minded Hope, which at the lowest ebb,
When Brennus conquer'd and when Cannæ bled,
The bravest impulse felt, and scorn'd despair.
Hence Moderation a new conquest gain'd,
As on the vanquish'd, like descending Heaven,
Their dewy mercy dropp'd, their bounty beam'd,
And by the labouring hand were crowns bestow'd.
Fruitful of men, hence hard laborious life,
Which no fatigue can quell, no season pierce:
Hence Independence, with his little pleas'd

Serene, and self-sufficient, like a god,
In whom corruption could not lodge one charm,
While he his honest roots to gold preferr'd;
While truly rich, and by his Sabine field
The man maintain'd, the Roman's splendour all
Was in the public wealth and glory plac'd;
Or ready, a rough swain, to guide the plough,
Or else, the purple o'er his shoulder thrown,
In long majestic flow, to rule the state
With Wisdom's purest eye; or, clad in steel,
To drive the steady battle on the foe.
Hence every passion, even the proudest, stoop'd
To common-good: Camillus! thy revenge;
Thy glory, Fabius! all submissive, hence
Consuls, Dictators, still resign'd their rule,
The very moment that the laws ordain'd.
Tho' Conquest o'er them clapp'd her eagle-wings,
Her laurels wreath'd, and yok'd her snowy steeds
To the triumphal car, soon as expir'd
The latest hour of sway, taught to submit
(A harder lesson that than to command,)
Into the private Roman sunk the chief.
If Rome was serv'd, and glorious, careless they
By whom: their country's fame they deem'd their own,
And above envy, in a rival's train
Sung the loud Iös by themselves deserv'd:
Hence matchless courage: on Cremera's bank
Hence fell the Fabii: hence the Decii dy'd;

And Curtius plung'd into the flaming gulf:
Hence Regulus the wavering fathers firm'd,
By dreadful counsel never given before;
For Roman honour sūed, and his own doom:
Hence he sustain'd to dare a death prepar'd
By Punic rage: on earth his manly look
Relentless fix'd, he from a last embrace,
By chains polluted, put his wife aside,
His little children climbing for a kiss;
Then dumb thro' rows of weeping wondering friends,
A new illustrious exile! press'd along.
Nor less impatient did he pierce the crowds
Opposing his return, than if, escap'd
From long litigious suits, he glad forsook
The noisy town a while, and city cloud,
To breathe Venafrian or Tarentine air.
Need I these high particulars recount?
The meanest bosom felt a thirst for fame,
Flight their worst death, and shame their only fear.
Life had no charms, nor any terrors fate,
When Rome and Glory call'd. But, in one view,
Mark the rare boast of these unequall'd times:
Ages revolv'd unsully'd by a crime;
Astrea reign'd, and scarcely needed laws
To bind a race elated with the pride
Of virtue, and disdaining to descend
To meanness, mutual violence, and wrongs.
While war around them rag'd, in happy Rome

All peaceful smil'd, all save the passing clouds
That often hang on Freedom's jealous brow,
And fair unblemish'd centuries elaps'd,
When not a Roman bled but in the field.
Their virtue such, that an unbalanc'd state,
Still between noble and plebeian toss'd,
As flow'd the wave of fluctuating power,
Was thence kept firm, and with triumphant prow
Rode out the storms. Oft' tho' the native feuds,
That from the first their constitution shook
(A latent ruin, growing as it grew,)
Stood on the threatening point of civil war
Ready to rush, yet could the lenient voice
Of Wisdom, soothing the tumultuous soul,
Those sons of Virtue calm. Their generous hearts,
Unpetrify'd by self, so naked lay
And sensible to truth, that o'er the rage
Of giddy faction, by oppression swell'd,
Prevail'd a simple fable, and at once
To peace recover'd the divided state.
But if their often-cheated hopes refus'd
The soothing touch, still in the love of Rome
The dread Dictator found a sure resource.
Was she assaulted? was her glory stain'd?
One common quarrel wide-inflam'd the whole.
Foes in the Forum in the field were friends,
By social danger bound; each fond for each,
And for their dearest country all, to die.

Thus up the hill of empire slow they toil'd,
Till, the bold summit gain'd, the thousand states
Of proud Italia blended into one;
Then o'er the nations they resistless rush'd,
And touch'd the limits of the failing world.
Let Fancy's eye the distant lines unite.
See that which borders wild the western main,
Where storms at large resound, and tides immense;
From Caledonia's dim cerulean coast,
And moist Hibernia, to where Atlas, lodg'd
Amid the restless clouds and leaning heav'n,
Hangs o'er the deep that borrows thence its name.
Mark that oppos'd, where first the springing Morn
Her roses sheds, and shakes around her dews;
From the dire deserts by the Caspian lav'd,
To where the Tigris and Euphrates, join'd,
Impetuous tear the Babylonian plain,
And blest Arabia aromatic breathes.
See that dividing far the watry North,
Parent of floods! from the majestic Rhine,
Drunk by Batavian meads, to where, seven-mouth'd,
In Euxine waves the flashing Danube roars;
To where the frozen Tanais scarcely stirs
The dead Meotic pool, or the long Rha *
In the black Scythian † sea his torrent throws.
Last that beneath the burning zone behold;
See where it runs, from the deep-loaded plains

---

* The ancient name of the Volga. † The Caspian Sea.
Thomson.]

Of Mauritania to the Libian sands,
Where Ammon lifts amid the torr.d waste
A verdant isle, with shade and fountain fresh,
And farther to the full Egyptian shore,
To where the Nile from Ethiopian clouds,
His never-drain'd ethereal urn, descends.
In this vast space what various tongues and states!
What bounding rocks, and mountains, floods, and seas!
What purple tyrants quell'd, and nations freed!
O'er Greece descended chief, with stealth divine,
The Roman bounty in a flood of day,
As at her Isthmian games, a fading pomp!
Her full assembled youth innumerous swarm'd.
On a tribunal rais'd Flaminius sate;
A victor he, from the deep phalanx pierc'd
Of iron-coated Macedon, and back
The Grecian tyrant * to his bounds repell'd.
In the high thoughtless gaiety of game,
While sport alone their unambitious hearts
Possess'd, the sudden trumpet, sounding hoarse,
Bade silence o'er the bright assembly reign.
Then thus a herald:---" To the states of Greece
" The Roman people, unconfin'd, restore
" Their countries, cities, liberties, and laws;
" Taxes remit, and garrisons withdraw."
The crowd, astonish'd half, and half inform'd,
Star'd dubious round, some question'd, some exclaim'd

---

* The King of Macedonia.

(Like one who, dreaming, between hope and fear
Is lost in anxious joy.) Be that again,
Be that again, proclaim'd, distinct, and loud.
Loud and distinct it was again proclaim'd,
And still as midnight in the rural shade,
When the gale slumbers, they the words devour'd.
A while severe amazement held them mute,
Then, bursting broad, the boundless shout to heaven
From many a thousand hearts ecstatic sprung.
On every hand rebellow'd to their joy
The swelling sea, the rocks, and vocal hills:
Thro' all her turrets stately Corinth* shook,
And, from the void above of shatter'd air,
The flitting bird fell breathless to the ground.
What piercing bliss! how keen a sense of fame
Did then, Flaminius! reach thy inmost soul?
And with what deep-felt glory didst thou then
Escape the fondness of transported Greece?
Mix'd in a tempest of superior joy,
They left the sports; like Bacchanals they flew,
Each other straining in a strict embrace,
Nor strain'd a slave; and loud acclaims till night
Round the Proconsul's tent repeated rung.
Then, crown'd with garlands, came the festive hours,
And music, sparkling wine, and converse warm,
Their raptures wak'd anew.---"Ye Gods!" they cry'd,
"Ye guardian Gods of Greece! And are we free?

* The Isthmian games were celebrated at Corinth.

" Was it not madness deem'd the very thought?
" And is it true? How did we purchase chains?
" At what a dire expence of kindred blood?
" And are they now dissolv'd? and scarce one drop
" For the fair first of blessings have we paid?
" Courage and conduct in the doubtful field,
" When rages wide the storm of mingling war,
" Are rare indeed; but how to generous ends
" To turn success and conquest, rarer still;
" That the great Gods and Romans only know.
" Lives there on earth, almost to Greece unknown,
" A people so magnanimous, to quit
" Their native soil, traverse the stormy deep,
" And by their blood and treasure, spent for us,
" Redeem our states, our liberties and laws;
" There does! there does! Oh! Saviour Titus! Rome!"
Thus thro' the happy night they pour'd their souls,
And in my last-reflected beams rejoic'd.
As when the shepherd, on the mountain brow,
Sits piping to his flocks and gamesome kids,
Mean time the sun, beneath the green earth sunk,
Slants upward o'er the scene a parting gleam,
Short is the glory that the mountain gilds,
Plays on the glittering flocks, and glads the swain;
To western worlds irrevocable roll'd,
Rapid, the source of light recalls his ray.
Here, interposing, I,---" Oh Queen of men!
" Beneath whose sceptre in essential rights
" Equal they live, tho' plac'd, for common good,

" Various, or in subjection or command,
" And that by common choice; alas! the scene,
" With virtue, freedom, and with glory bright,
" Streams into blood, and darkens into woe."
Thus she pursu'd.---Near this great æra, Rome
Began to feel the swift approach of Fate,
That now her vitals gain'd; still more and more
Her deep divisions kindling into rage,
And war with chains and desolation charg'd.
From an unequal balance of her sons
These fierce contentions sprung, and, as increas'd
This hated inequality, more fierce,
They flam'd to tumult. Independence fail'd,
Here by luxurious wants, by real there,
And with this virtue every virtue sunk,
As with the sliding rock the pile sustain'd.
A last attempt, too late, the Gracchi made,
To fix the flying scale, and poise the state.
On one side swell'd aristocratic Pride,
With Usury, the villain whose fell gripe
Bends by degrees to baseness the free soul;
And Luxury rapacious, cruel, mean,
Mother of vice! while on the other crept
A populace in want, with pleasure fir'd,
Fit for proscriptions, for the darkest deeds,
As the proud feeder bade; inconstant, blind,
Deserting friends at need, and dup'd by foes;
Loud and seditious, when a chief inspir'd,
Their headlong fury; but of him depriv'd,

Already slaves that lick'd the scourging hand.
This firm Republic, that against the blast
Of Opposition rose; that (like an oak,
Nurs'd on feracious Algidum, whose boughs
Still stronger shoot beneath the rigid axe)
By loss, by slaughter, from the steel itself
Even force and spirit drew, smit with the calm,
The dead serene of prosperous fortune, pin'd.
Nought now her weighty legions could oppose.
Her terror once,* on Afric's tawny shore,
Now smok'd in dust, a stabling now for wolves,
And every dreaded power receiv'd the yoke.
Besides, destructive, from the conquer'd East,
In the soft plunder came that worst of plagues,
That pestilence of mind, a fever'd thirst
For the false joys which Luxury prepares:
Unworthy joys! that wasteful leave behind
No mark of honour, in reflecting hour,
No secret ray to glad the conscious soul;
At once involving in one ruin wealth,
And wealth-acquiring powers; while stupid Self,
Of narrow gust and hebetating sense,
Devour the nobler faculties of bliss.
Hence Roman virtue slacken'd into sloth,
Security relax'd the softening state,
And the broad eye of Government lay clos'd.
No more the laws inviolable reign'd,

* Carthage.

And public weal no more; but party rag'd,
And partial power, and licence unrestrain'd,
Let Discord thro' the deathful city loose.
First, mild Tiberius!* on thy sacred head
The Fury's vengeance fell; the first whose blood
Had since the Consuls stain'd contending Rome;
Of precedent pernicious! With thee bled
Three hundred Romans; with thy brother, next,
Three thousand more; till into battles turn'd
Debates of peace, and forc'd the trembling laws,
The Forum and Comitia horrid grew,
A scene of barter'd power or reeking gore:
When, half-asham'd, Corruption's thievish arts,
And ruffian Force, begin to sap the mounds
And majesty of laws; if not in time
Repress'd severe, for human aid too strong,
The torrent turns, and overbears the whole.
  Thus luxury, dissension, a mix'd rage
Of boundless pleasure and of boundless wealth,
Want wishing change, and waste-repairing war,
Rapine for ever lost to peaceful toil,
Guilt unaton'd, profuse of blood Revenge,
Corruption all avow'd, and lawless Force,
Each heightening each, alternate shook the state.
Mean time Ambition, at the dazzling head
Of hardy legions, with the laurels heap'd
And spoil of nations, in one circling blast

* Tib. Gracchus.

Combin'd in various storm, and from its base
The broad Republic tore. By Virtue built
It touch'd the skies, and spread o'er sheltered earth
An ample root: by Virtue, too, sustain'd,
And balanc'd steady, every tempest sung
Innoxious by, or bade it firmer stand:
But when, with sudden and enormous change,
The first of mankind sunk into the last,
As once in virtue, so in vice extreme,
This universal fabric yielded loose
Before Ambition still; and thundering down,
At last, beneath its ruins crush'd a world.
A conquering people, to themselves a prey,
Must ever fall, when their victorious troops,
In blood and rapine savage grown, can find
No land to sack and pillage but their own.
By brutal Marius and keen Sylla first
Effus'd the deluge dire of civil blood,
Unceasing woes began, and this or that
(Deep drenching their revenge), nor virtue spar'd,
Nor sex nor age, nor quality nor name;
Till Rome, into an human shambles turn'd,
Made deserts lovely.---Oh! to well-earn'd chains
Devoted race!---If no true Roman then,
No Scævola there was, to raise for me
A vengeful hand: was there no father, robb'd
Of blooming youth to prop his withered age?
No son a witness to his hoary sire
In dust and gore defil'd? No friend, forlorn?

No wretch that doubtful trembled for himself?
None brave, or wild, to pierce a monster's heart,
Who, heaping horror round, no more deserv'd
The sacred shelter of the laws he spurn'd?
No: sad o'er all profound Dejection sate,
And nerveless Fear. The slave's asylum theirs,
Or flight, ill-judging, that the timid back
Turns weak to slaughter, or partaken guilt.
In vain from Sylla's vanity I drew
An unexampled deed. The power resign'd,
And all unhop'd the Commonwealth restor'd,
Amaz'd the public, and effac'd his crimes.
Thro' streets yet streaming from his murderous hand
Unarm'd he stray'd, ungarded, unassail'd,
And on the bed of peace his ashes laid;
A grace which I to his demission gave.
But with him died not the despotic soul.
Ambition saw that stooping Rome could bear
A Master, nor had virtue to be free.
Hence for succeeding years my troubled reign
No certain peace, no spreading prospect, knew.
Destruction gathered round. Still the black soul
Or of a Catiline or Rullus,* swell'd
With fell designs, and all the watchful art
Of Cicero demanded, all the force,

* Pub. Servilius Rullus, Tribune of the people, proposed an Agrarian law, in appearance very advantageous for the people, but destructive of their liberty, and which was defeated by the eloquence of Cicero, in his speech against Rullus.

All the state-wielding magic of his tongue,
And all the thunder of my Cato's zeal.
With these I lingered, till the flame anew
Burst out in blaze immense, and wrapt the world.
The shameful contest sprung to whom mankind
Should yield the neck: to Pompey, who conceal'd
A rage impatient of an equal name,
Or to the nobler Cæsar, on whose brow
O'er daring vice deluding virtue smil'd,
And who no less a vain superior scorn'd.
Both bled, but bled in vain. New traitors rose.
The venal will be bought, the base have lords.
To these vile wars I left ambitious slaves,
And from Philippi's field, from where in dust
The last of Romans, matchless Brutus! lay,
Spread to the North, untam'd a rapid wing.
What tho' the first smooth Cæsar's arts caress'd
Merit, and virtue, simulating me?
Severely tender! cruelly humane!
The chain to clench, and make it softer sit
On the new-broken still ferocious state,
From the dark Third,* succeeding, I beheld
Th' imperial monsters all. A race on earth
Vindictive sent, the scourge of human-kind!
Whose blind profusion drain'd a bankrupt world;
Whose lust to forming Nature seems disgrace,
And whose infernal rage bade every drop
Of ancient blood that yet retain'd my flame

* Tiberius.

To that of Pætus* in the peaceful bath,
O'er Rome's affrighted streets inglorious flow.
But almost just the meanly-patient death
That waits a tyrant's unprevented stroke.
Titus, indeed, gave one short evening gleam,
More cordial felt, as in the midst it spread
Of storm and horror. The delight of men!
He who the day when his o'erflowing hand
Had made no happy heart, concluded lost:
Trajan and he, with the mild Sire and Son,†
His son of virtue! eas'd a while mankind,
And Arts reviv'd beneath their gentle beam.
Then was their last effort: what Sculpture rais'd
To Trajan's glory, following triumphs stole,
And mixt with Gothic forms (the chissel's shame),
On that triumphal arch,‡ the forms of Greece,
Mean time o'er rocky Thrace, and the deep vales
Of gelid Hæmus, I pursu'd my flight,
And, piercing farthest Scythia, westward swept
Sarmatia,‖ travers'd by a thousand streams:

* Thrasea Pætus, put to death by Nero.---Tacitus introduces the account he gives of his death thus:--- "After having inhumanely slaughtered so many illustrious men, he (Nero) burned at last with a desire of cutting off Virtue itself in the person of Thrasea," &c.

† Antoninus Pius, and his adopted son, Marcus Aurelius, afterwards called Antoninus Philosophus.

‡ Constantine's arch, to build which that of Trajan was destroyed, sculpture having been then almost entirely lost.

‖ The antient Sarmatia contained a vast tract of country, running all along the north of Europe and Asia.

A sullen land of lakes, and fens immense,
Of rocks, resounding torrents, gloomy heaths,
And cruel deserts, black with sounding pine,
Where Nature frowns; tho' sometimes into smiles
She softens, and immediate, at the touch
Of southern gales, throws from the sudden glebe
Luxuriant pasture and a waste of flowers.
But, cold-comprest, when the whole loaded heaven
Descends in snow, lost in one white abrupt
Lies undistinguish'd earth; and, seiz'd by frost,
Lakes, headlong streams, and floods, and oceans, sleep.
Yet there life glows; the furry millions there
Deep-dig their dens beneath the sheltering snows;
And there a race of men prolific swarms,
To various pain, to little pleasure, us'd;
On whom, keen parching, beat Riphæan winds,
Hard like their soil, and like their climate fierce,
The nursery of nations!---These I rous'd,
Drove land on land, on people people pour'd,
Till from almost perpetual night they broke,
As if in search of day, and o'er the banks
Of yielding Empire, only slave-sustain'd,
Resistless rag'd, in vengeance urg'd by me.
  Long in the barbarous heart the bury'd seeds
Of Freedom lay for many a wintry age,
And tho' my spirit work'd by slow degrees,
Nought but its pride and fierceness yet appear'd:
Then was the night of time that parted worlds.
I quitted earth the while. As when the tribes

Aërial, warn'd of rising winter, ride
Autumnal winds, to warmer climates borne;
So, Arts and each good Genius in my train,
I cut the closing gloom, and soar'd to heaven.
In the bright regions there of purest day,
Far other scenes and palaces arise,
Adorn'd profuse with other arts divine.
All beauty here below, to them compar'd,
Would, like a rose before the mid-day sun,
Shrink up its blossom; like a bubble break
The passing poor magnificence of kings:
For there the King of Nature, in full blaze,
Calls every splendour forth; and there his court
Amid ethereal powers and virtues holds;
Angel, archangel, tutelary gods,
Of cities, nations, empires, and of worlds.
But sacred be the veil that kindly clouds
A light too keen for mortals, wraps a view
Too softening fair, for those that here in dust
Must cheerful toil out their appointed years.
A sense of higher life would only damp
The schoolboy's task, and spoil his playful hours:
Nor could the child of Reason, feeble Man!
With vigour thro' this infant being drudge,
Did brighter worlds, their unimagin'd bliss
Disclosing, dazzle and dissolve his mind.

BRITAIN.

LIBERTY.

PART IV.

The Contents.

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STRUCK with the rising scene, thus I, amaz'd—
" Ah! Goddess; what a change! Is earth the same?
" Of the same kind the ruthless race she feeds?
" And does the same fair sun and ether spread

" Round this vile spot their all-enlivening soul?
" Lo! Beauty fails; lost in unlovely forms
" Of little pomp, Magnificence no more
" Exalts the mind, and bids the Public smile;
" While to rapacious interest Glory leaves
" Mankind, and every grace of life is gone."
To this the Power, who vital radiance calls
From the brute mass of man an ordered world.
" Wait till the morning shines, and from the depth
" Of Gothic darkness springs another day.
" True, Genius droops; the tender ancient taste
" Of Beauty, then fresh-blooming in her prime,
" But faintly trembles thro' the callous soul,
" And Grandeur, or of morals or of life,
" Sinks into safe pursuits and creeping cares.
" Even cautious Virtue seems to stop her flight,
" And aged Life to deem the generous deeds
" Of youth romantic: yet in cooler thought
" Well-reason'd, in researches piercing deep
" Thro' Nature's works, in profitable arts,
" And all that calm Experience can disclose,
" (Slow guide, but sure) behold the world anew
" Exalted rise, with other honours crown'd;
" And, where my spirit wakes the finer powers,
" Athenian laurels still afresh shall bloom."
Oblivious ages pass'd, while Earth, forsook
By her best Genii, lay to Demons foul,
And unchain'd Furies, an abandon'd prey.

Contention led the van, first small of size,
But soon dilating, to the skies she towers;
Then wide as air the livid fury spread,
And high her head above the stormy clouds,
She blaz'd in omens, swell'd the groaning winds
With wild surmises, battlings, sounds of war:
From land to land the madd'ning trumpet blew,
And pour'd her venom thro' the heart of man.
Shook to the Pole, the North obey'd her call.
Forth rush'd the bloody Power of Gothic war,
War against human-kind; Rapine, that led
Millions of raging robbers in his train;
Unlistening, barbarous Force, to whom the sword
Is reason, honour, law; the Foe of Arts
By monsters follow'd, hideous to behold,
That claim'd their place. Outrageous mix'd with these
Another species of tyrannic rule,*
Unknown before, whose cancrous shackles seiz'd
Th' envenom'd soul; a wilder Fury, she
Even o'er her elder Sister † tyranniz'd;
Or if, perchance, agreed, inflam'd her rage.
Dire was her train, and loud: the Sable Band,
Thundering,---"Submit, ye Laity! ye Prophane!
" Earth is the Lord's, and therefore Ours; let kings
" Allow the common claim, and half be theirs;
" If not, behold! the sacred lightning flies;"
Scholastic Discord, with an hundred tongues,

* Church-power, or ecclesiastical tyranny.
† Civil tyranny.

For science, uttering jangling words obscure,
Where frighted reason never yet could dwell;
Of peremptory feature, cleric pride,
Whose reddening cheek no contradiction bears;
And holy slander, his associate firm,
On whom the lying spirit still descends;
Mother of tortures! persecuting zeal,
High-flashing in her hand the ready torch,
Or poniard bath'd in unbelieving blood;
Hell's fiercest fiend! of saintly brow demure,
Assuming a celestial seraph's name,
While she beneath the blasphemous pretence
Of pleasing parent Heaven, the source of love!
Has wrought more horrors, more detested deeds,
Than all the rest combin'd. Led on by her,
And wild of head to work her fell designs,
Came idiot Superstition; round with ears
Innumerous strow'd, ten thousand Monkish forms
With legends play'd them, and with tenets meant
To charm or scare the simple into slaves,
And poison reason! gross, she swallows all,
The most absurd believing ever most:
Broad o'er the whole her universal night,
The gloom still doubling, ignorance diffus'd.
Nought to be seen but visionary Monks
To councils strolling, and embroiling creeds;
Banditti saints, * disturbing distant lands,

---

* Crusades.

And unknown nations, wandering for a home.
All lay revers'd: the sacred arts of rule
Turn'd to flagitious leagues against mankind,
And arts of plunder more and more avow'd;
Pure plain Devotion to a solemn farce;*
To holy dotage Virtue, even to guile,
To murder, and a mockery of oaths;
Brave ancient Freedom to the rage † of slaves,
Proud of their state, and fighting for their chains;
Dishonour'd Courage to the bravo's trade, ‡
To civil broil; and Glory to romance.
Thus human life unhing'd to ruin reel'd,
And giddy Reason totter'd on her throne.
At last Heaven's best inexplicable scheme,
Disclosing, bade new brightning eras smile.
The high command gone forth, Arts in my train,
And azure-mantled Science, swift we spread
A sounding pinion. Eager Pity, mixt
With indignation, urg'd her downward flight.
On Latium first we stoop'd, for doubtful life
That panted, sunk beneath unnumber'd woes.
Ah! poor Italia! what a bitter cup
Of vengeance hast thou drain'd? Goths, Vandals, Huns,
Lombards, Barbarians broke from every land,
How many a ruffian form hast thou beheld?
What horrid jargons heard, where rage alone

* The corruption of the church of Rome.
† Vassalage, whence the attachment of clans to their chief. ‡ Duelling.

Was all thy frighted ear could comprehend?
How frequent by the red inhuman hand,
Yet warm with brothers', husbands', fathers' blood,
Hast thou thy matrons and thy virgins seen
To violation dragg'd, and mingled death?
What conflagration, earthquakes, ravage, floods,
Have turn'd thy cities into stony wilds,
And succourless and bare, the poor remains
Of wretches forth to Nature's common cast?
Added to these the still continued waste
Of inbred foes,* that on thy vitals prey,
And double tyrants, seize the very soul.
Where hadst thou treasures for this rapine all?
These hungry myriads, that thy bowels tore,
Heap'd sack on sack, and buried in their rage
Wonders of art? Whence this grey scene a mine
Of more than gold becomes and orient gems,
Where Egypt, Greece, and Rome, united glow.

Here Sculpture, Painting, Architecture, bent
From ancient models to restore their arts,
Remain'd. A little trace we how they rose.
Amid the hoary ruins Sculpture first,
Deep-digging, from the cavern dark and damp,
Their grave for ages, bid her marble race
Spring to new light. Joy sparkled in her eyes,
And old Remembrance thrill'd in every thought,
As she the pleasing resurrection saw.

---

* The Hierarchy.

In leaning site, respiring from his toils,
The well-known hero, * who deliver'd Greece,
His ample chest, all tempested with force,
Unconquerable rear'd. She saw the head,
Breathing the hero, small, of Grecian size,
Scarce more extensive than the sinewy neck;
The spreading shoulders, muscular, and broad;
The whole a mass of swelling sinews, touch'd
Into harmonious shape; she saw, and joy'd.
The yellow hunter, Meleager, rais'd
His beauteous front, and through the finish'd whole
Shows what ideas smil'd of old in Greece.
Of raging aspect, rush'd impetuous forth
The Gladiator. † Pityless his look,
And each keen sinew brac'd, the storm of war,
Ruffling, o'er all his nervous body frowns.
The dying other ‡ from the gloom she drew.
Supported on his shorten'd arm he leans,
Prone agonizing; with incumbent fate
Heavy declines his head, yet dark beneath
The suffering feature sullen vengeance lowrs,
Shame, indignation, unaccomplish'd rage,
And still the cheated eye expects his fall.
All conquest-flush'd, from prostrate Python came
The quivered god. ‖ In graceful act he stands,
His arm extended with the slackened bow.

---

* The Hercules of Farnese. † The fighting Gladiator.
‡ The dying Gladiator. ‖ The Apollo of Belvidere.

Light flows his easy robe, and fair displays
A manly-softened form The bloom of gods
Seems youthful o'er the beardless cheek to wave:
His features yet heroic ardour warms;
And sweet subsiding to a native smile,
Mixt with the joy elating conquest gives,
A scatter'd frown exalts his matchless air.
On Flora mov'd, her full-proportion'd limbs
Rise thro' the mantle fluttering in the breeze.
The Queen of Love * arose, as from the deep
She sprung in all the melting pomp of charms.
Bashful she bends, her well-taught look aside
Turns in enchanting guise, where dubious mix
Vain conscious beauty, a dissembled sense
Of modest shame, and slippery locks of love.
The gazer grows enamour'd, and the stone,
As if exulting in its conquest, smiles.
So turn'd each limb, so swell'd with softening art,
That the deluded eye the marble doubts.
At last her utmost masterpiece † she found,
That Maro fir'd; ‡ the miserable sire,
Wrapt with his sons in Fate's severest grasp.
The serpents, twisting round, their stringent folds
Inextricable tie. Such passion here!
Such agonies! such bitterness of pain!

---

* The Venus of Medici.

† The group of Laocoon and his two sons, destroyed by two serpents.

‡ See Æneid II. ver. 199--227.

Seem so to tremble thro' the tortur'd stone,
That the touch'd heart engrosses all the view.
Almost unmark'd the best proportions pass
That ever Greece beheld; and, seen alone,
On the rapt eye th' imperious passions seize;
The father's double pangs, both for himself
And sons convuls'd; to Heaven his rueful look,
Imploring aid, and half-accusing, cast;
His fell despair with indignation mixt,
As the strong-curling monsters from his side
His full-extended fury cannot tear.
More tender touch'd, with varied art, his sons
All the soft rage of younger passions show:
In a boy's helpless fate one sinks oppress'd,
While yet unpierc'd, the frighted other tries
His foot to steal out of the horrid twine.
She bore no more, but straight from Gothic rust
Her chissel clear'd, and dust and fragments drove
Impetuous round. * Successive as it went
From son to son, with more enlivening touch,
From the brute rock it call'd the breathing form,
Till, in a legislator's awful grace
Dress'd, Buonaroti bid a Moses † rise,
And, looking love immense, a saviour God. †

---

* It is reported of Michael Angelo Buonaroti, the most celebrated master in modern sculpture, that he wrought with a kind of inspiration, or enthusiastical fury, which produced the effect here mentioned.

† Esteemed the two finest pieces of modern sculpture.

Of these observant, Painting felt the fire
Burn inward. Then ecstatic she diffus'd
The canvass, seiz'd the pallet, with quick hand
The colours brew'd, and on the void expanse
Her gay creation pour'd, her mimic world.
Poor was the manner of her eldest race,
Barren, and dry, just struggling from the taste,
That had for ages scar'd in cloisters dim
The superstitious herd; yet glorious then
Were deem'd their works, where undevelop'd lay
The future wonders that enrich'd mankind,
And a new light and grace o'er Europe cast.
Arts gradual gather streams. Enlarging this
To each his portion of her various gifts
The goddess dealt, to none indulging all;
No, not to Raphael. At kind distance still
Perfection stands, like Happiness, to tempt
Th' eternal chase. In elegant design
Improving Nature, in ideas fair,
Or great, extracted from the fine antique;
In attitude, expression, airs divine,
Her sons of Rome and Florence bore the prize.
To those of Venice she the magic art
Of colours melting into colours gave.
Theirs, too, it was by one embracing mass
Of light and shade, that settles round the whole,
Or varies tremulous from part to part,
O'er all a binding harmony to throw,

To raise the picture and repose the sight.
The Lombard school * succeeding mingled both.
Mean time dread fanes and palaces around
Rear'd the magnific front. Music again
Her universal language of the heart
Renew'd; and, rising from the plaintive vale,
To the full concert spread, and solemn quire.
Even bigots smil'd, to their protection took
Arts not their own, and from them borrow'd pomp:
For in a tyrant's garden these a while
May bloom, tho' freedom be their parent soil.
And now confest, with gently-growing gleam
The morning shone, and westward stream'd its light.
The Muse awoke. Not sooner on the wing
Is the gay bird of dawn: artless her voice,
Untaught, and wild, yet warbling thro' the woods
Romantic lays: but as her northern course
She, with her tutor Science, in my train
Ardent pursu'd, her strains more noble grew;
While Reason drew the plan, the heart inform'd
The moral page, and Fancy lent it grace.
Rome and her circling deserts cast behind,
I pass'd not idle to my great sojourn.
On Arno's fertile plain, † where the rich vein
Luxuriant o'er Etrurian mountains roves,
Safe in the lap repos'd of private bliss,

---

* The school of the Caracci.
† The river Arno runs through Florence.

I small republics rais'd. * Thrice happy they!
Had social Freedom bound their peace, and Arts,
Instead of ruling Power, ne'er meant for them,
Employ'd their little cares, and sav'd their fate.
Beyond the rugged Apennines, that roll
Far thro' Italian bounds their wavy tops,
My path, too, I with public blessings strow'd;
Free states and cities, where the Lombard plain,
In spite of culture negligent and gross,
From her deep bosom pours unbidden joys,
And green o'er all the land a garden spreads.
The barren rocks themselves, beneath my foot,
Relenting bloom'd on the Ligurian shore.
Thick-swarming people there † like emmets seiz'd,
Amid surrounding cliffs, the scatter'd spots,
Which Nature left in her destroying rage, ‡
Made their own fields, nor sigh'd for other lands.
There, in white prospect, from the rocky hill
Gradual descending to the sheltered shore,
By me proud Genoa's marble turrets rose,
And while my genuine spirit warm'd her sons,

---

* The republics of Florence, Pisa, Lucca, and Sienna. They formerly have had very cruel wars together, but are now all peaceably subject to the Great Duke of Tuscany, except it be Lucca, which still retains the form of a republic.

† The Genoese territory is reckoned very populous; but the towns and villages, for the most part, lie hid among the Apennine rocks and mountains.

‡ According to Dr. Burnet's system of the deluge.

Beneath her Dorias, not unworthy, she
Vied for the trident of the narrow seas,
Ere Britain yet had open'd all the main.
Nor be the then triumphant state* forgot,
Where, push'd from plunder'd earth, † a remnant still,
Inspir'd by me, thro' the dark ages kept
Of my old Roman flame some sparks alive:
The seeming god-built city! which my hand,
Deep in the bosom fix'd of wondering seas.
Astonish'd mortals sail'd, with pleasing awe,
Around the sea-girt walls, by Neptune fenc'd,
And down the briny street, where on each hand,
Amazing seen amidst unstable waves,
The splendid palace shines, and rising tides,
The green steps marking, murmur at the door.
To this fair Queen of Adria's stormy gulf,
The mart of nations! long obedient seas
Roll'd all the treasure of the radiant East;
But now no more. Than one great tyrant worse
(Whose shar'd oppression lightens as diffus'd,)
Each subject tearing, many tyrants rose;
The least the proudest. Join'd in dark cabal,
They, jealous, watchful, silent, and severe,

* Venice was the most flourishing city in Europe, with regard to trade, before the passage to the East Indies by the Cape of Good Hope and America was discovered.

† Those who fled to some marshes in the Adriatic gulf, from the desolation spread over Italy by an irruption of the Huns, first founded there this famous city, about the beginning of the fifth century.

Cast o'er the whole indissoluble chains:
The softer shackles of luxurious ease
They likewise added, to secure their sway.
Thus Venice fainter shines, and Commerce thus,
Of toil impatient, flags the drooping sail:
Bursting, besides, his ancient bounds, he took
A larger circle, * found another seat, †
Opening a thousand ports, and, charm'd with toil,
Whom nothing can dismay, far other sons.
The mountains, then, clad with eternal snow,
Confess'd my power. Deep as the rampant rocks,
By Nature thrown insuperable round,
I planted there a league of friendly states, ‡
And bade plain Freedom their ambition be.
There in the vale, where rural Plenty fills,
From lakes, and meads, and furrow'd fields, her horn,
Chief where the Leman || pure emits the Rhone,
Rare to be seen! unguilty cities rise,
Cities of brothers form'd; while equal life,
Accorded gracious with revolving power,
Maintains them free, and in their happy streets
Nor cruel deed nor misery is known:
For valour, faith, and innocence of life,
Renown'd, a rough laborious people, there,

---

* The main ocean. † Great Britain.
‡ The Swiss Cantons.
|| Geneva, situated on the *Lacus Lemanus*, a small state, but noble example of the blessings of civil and religious liberty.

Not only give the dreadful Alps to smile,
And press their culture on retiring snows,
But, to firm order train'd and patient war,
They likewise know, beyond the nerve remiss
Of mercenary force, how to defend
The tasteful little their hard toil has earn'd,
And the proud arm of Bourbon to defy.
Even, cheer'd by me, their shaggy mountains charm,
More than or Gallic or Italian plains,
And sickening fancy oft', when absent long,
Pines to behold their Alpine views again: *
The hollow-winding stream, the vale, fair-spread
Amid an amphitheatre of hills,
Whence, vapour-wing'd, the sudden tempest springs;
From steep to steep ascending, the gay train
Of fogs, thick-roll'd into romantic shapes;
The flitting cloud, against the summit dash'd,
And, by the sun illumin'd, pouring bright
A gemmy shower; hung o'er amazing rocks,
The mountain-ash, and solemn-sounding pine;
The snow-fed torrent, in white mazes, toss'd
Down to the clear ethereal lake below;
And, high o'ertopping all the broken scene,
The mountain-fading into sky, where shines

* The Swiss, after having been long absent from their native country, are seized with such a violent desire of seeing it again, as affects them with a kind of languishing indisposition, called the Swiss sickness.

On winter Winter shivering, and whose top
Licks from their cloudy magazine the snows.
From these descending, as I wav'd my course
O'er vast Germania, the ferocious nurse
Of hardy men and hearts affronting death,
I gave some favour'd cities* there to lift
A nobler brow, and thro' their swarming streets,
More busy, wealthy, cheerful, and alive,
In each contented face to look my soul.
Thence the loud Baltic passing, black with storm,
To wintry Scandinavia's utmost bound,
There I the manly race,† the parent-hive
Of the mixt kingdoms, form'd into a state
More regularly free. By keener air
Their genius purg'd, and temper'd hard by frost,
Tempest and toil their nerves, the sons of those
Whose only terror was a bloodless death,‡
They, wise, and dauntless, still sustain my cause.
Yet there I fix'd not: turning to the south,
The whispering zephyrs sigh'd at my delay.
Here, with the shifted vision, burst my joy.
" O the dear prospect! O majestic view!
" See Britain's empire! Lo! the watry vast
" Wide waves, diffusing the cerulean plain.
" And now, methinks, like clouds at distance seen,
" Emerging white from deeps of ether, dawn
" My kindred cliffs; whence, wafted in the gale,

---

* The Hans Towns. † The Swedes. ‡ See note on v. 678.

" Ineffable, a secret sweetness breathes.
" Goddess! forgive---My heart, surpriz'd, o'erflows
" With filial fondness for the land you bless."
As parents to a child complacent deign
Approvance, the celestial Brightness smil'd;
Then thus---As o'er the wave-resounding deep,
To my near reign the happy isle, I steer'd
With easy wing, behold! from surge to surge
Stalk'd the tremendous Genius of the Deep;
Around him clouds, in mingled tempest, hung,
Thick-flashing meteors crown'd his starry head,
And ready thunder redden'd in his hand,
Or from it stream'd comprest the gloomy cloud.
Where'er he look'd the trembling waves recoil'd:
He needs but strike the conscious flood, and shook
From shore to shore, in agitation dire,
It works his dreadful will. To me his voice
(Like that hoarse blast that round the cavern howls
Mixt with the murmurs of the falling main)
Address'd, began---" By Fate commission'd, go
" My sister goddess, now, to yon' blest isle,
" Henceforth the partner of my rough domain.
" All my dread walks to Britons open lie.
" Those that refulgent, or with rosy morn
" Or yellow evening flame; those that profuse,
" Drunk by equator suns, severely shine;
" Or those that, to the poles approaching, rise
" In billows rolling into Alps of ice:
" Even yet, untouch'd by daring keel, be theirs

" The vast Pacific, that on other worlds,
" Their future conquest, rolls resounding tides.
" Long I maintain'd, inviolate, my reign;
" Nor Alexanders me, nor Cæsars, brav'd.
" Still in the crook of shore, the coward sail
" Till now low-crept, and peddling Commerce ply'd
" Between near-joining lands. For Britons, chief,
" It was reserv'd, with star-directed prow
" To dare the middle-deep, and drive assur'd
" To distant nations thro' the pathless main.
" Chief for their fearless hearts the glory waits,
" Long months from land, while the black stormy night
" Around them rages, on the groaning mast
" With unshook knee to know their giddy way;
" To sing, unquell'd, amid the lashing wave;
" To laugh at danger. Theirs the triumph be,
" By deep invention's keen pervading eye,
" The heart of courage, and the hand of toil,
" Each conquer'd ocean staining with their blood,
" Instead of treasure robb'd by ruffian war,
" Round social earth to circle fair exchange,
" And bind the nations in a golden chain.
" To these I honour'd stoop. Rushing to light
" A race of men behold! whose daring deeds
" Will in renown exalt my nameless plains
" O'er those of fabling earth, as hers to mine
" In terror yield. Nay, could my savage heart
" Such glories check, their unsubmitting soul

" Would all my fury brave, my tempest climb,
" And might in spite of me my kingdom force."
Here, waiting no reply, the shadowy Power
Eas'd the dark sky, and to the deeps return'd;
While the loud thunder rattling from his hand,
Auspicious, shook opponent Gallia's shore.
Of this encounter glad, my way to land
I quick pursu'd, that from the smiling sea
Receiv'd me joyous. Loud acclaims were heard,
And music, more than mortal, warbling, fill'd
With pleas'd astonishment the lab'ring hind,
Who for a while th' unfinish'd furrow left,
And let the listening steer forget his toil.
Unseen by grosser eye, Britannia breath'd,
And her aërial train, these sounds of joy;
For of old time, since first the rushing flood,
Urg'd by Almighty pow'r, this favour'd isle
Turn'd flashing from the continent aside,
Indented shore to shore responsive still,
Its guardian she---The goddess whose staid eye
Beams the dark azure of the doubtful dawn.
Her tresses, like a flood of soften'd light,
Thro' clouds imbrown'd, in waving circles play.
Warm on her cheek sits Beauty's brightest rose.
Of high demeanour, stately, shedding grace
With every motion. Full her rising chest;
And new ideas, from her finish'd shape,
Charm'd Sculpture taking, might improve her art.
Such the fair guardian of an isle that boasts,

Profuse as vernal blooms, the fairest dames.
High-shining on the promontory's brow,
Awaiting me, she stood; with hope inflam'd,
By my mixt spirit burning in her sons,
To firm, to polish, and exalt the state.
The native Genii round her radiant smil'd.
Courage, of soft deportment, aspect calm,
Unboastful, suffering long, and, till provok'd,
As mild and harmless as the sporting child;
But, on just reason, once his fury rous'd,
No lion springs more eager to his prey:
Blood is a pastime! and his heart, elate,
Knows no depressing fear. That virtue known
By the relenting look, whose equal heart
For others feels, as for another self:
Of various name, as various objects wake,
Warm into action the kind sense within;
Whether the blameless poor, the nobly maim'd,
The lost to reason, the declin'd in life,
The helpless young that kiss no mother's hand,
And the gray second infancy of age,
She gives in public families to live,
A sight to gladden Heaven! whether she stands
Fair beck'ning at the hospitable gate,
And bids the stranger take repose and joy;
Whether, to solace honest labour, she
Rejoices those that make the land rejoice;
Or whether to Philosophy and Arts
(At once the basis and the finish'd pride

Of government and life) she spreads her hand,
Nor knows her gift profuse, nor seems to know,
Doubling her bounty, that she gives at all.
Justice to these her awful presence join'd,
The mother of the state! No low revenge,
No turbid passions in her breast ferment;
Tender, serene, compassionate of vice,
As the last woe that can afflict mankind,
She punishment awards; yet of the good
More piteous still, and of the suffering whole,
Awards it firm. So fair her just decree,
That, in his judging peers, each on himself
Pronounces his own doom. O happy land!
Where reigns alone this justice of the free!
'Mid the bright group Sincerity his front,
Diffusive, rear'd; his pure untroubled eye,
The fount of truth. The thoughtful Pow'r, apart,
Now, pensive, cast on earth his fix'd regard,
Now touch'd celestial, launch'd it on the sky.
The genius he whence Britain shines supreme,
The land of light, and rectitude of mind.
He, too, the fire of fancy feeds intense,
With all the train of passions thence deriv'd;
Not kindling quick, a noisy transient blaze,
But gradual, silent, lasting, and profound.
Near him Retirement, pointing to the shade,
And Independence, stood: the generous pair
That simple life, the quiet-whispering grove,
And the still raptures of the free-born soul,

To cates prefer by Virtue bought, not earn'd;
Proudly prefer them to the servile pomp,
And to the heart-embitter'd joys, of slaves.
Or should the latter, to the public scene
Demanded, quit his sylvan friend a while,
Nought can his firmness shake, nothing seduce
His zeal, still active for the common-weal;
Nor stormy tyrants, nor Corruption's tools,
Foul ministers, dark-working by the force
Of secret-sapping gold. All their vile arts,
Their shameful honours, their perfidious gifts,
He greatly scorns; and if he must betray
His plunder'd country, or his power resign,
A moment's parley were eternal shame:
Illustrious into private life again,
From dirty levees he unstain'd ascends,
And firm in senates stands the patriot's ground,
Or draws new vigour in the peaceful shade.
Aloof the bashful Virtue hover'd coy,
Proving by sweet distrust distrusted worth:
Rough Labour clos'd the train; and in his hand
Rude, callous, sinew-swell'd, and black with toil,
Came manly Indignation. Sour he seems,
And more than seems, by lawless pride assail'd;
Yet kind at heart, and just, and generous, there
No vengeance lurks, no pale insidious gall:
Even in the very luxury of rage,
He, soft'ning, can forgive a gallant foe;
The nerve, support, and glory of the land!

Nor be Religion, rational and free,
Here pass'd in silence, whose enraptur'd eye
Sees heaven with earth connected, human things
Link'd to divine; who not from servile fear,
By rites for some weak tyrant incense fit,
The God of Love adores, but from a heart
Effusing gladness, into pleasing awe
That now astonish'd swells, now in a calm
Of fearless confidence that smiles serene;
That lives devotion, one continual hymn,
And then most grateful, when Heaven's bounty most
Is right enjoy'd. This ever-cheerful Power
O'er the rais'd circle ray'd superior day.

I joy'd to join the Virtues whence my reign
O'er Albion was to rise. Each cheering each,
And, like the circling planets from the sun,
All borrowing beams from me, a heighten'd zeal
Impatient fir'd us to commence our toils,
Or pleasures rather. Long the pungent time
Pass'd not in mutual hails, but thro' the land
Darting our light, we shone the fogs away.

The Virtues conquer with a single look.
Such grace, such beauty, such victorious light,
Live in their presence, stream in every glance,
That the soul won, enamour'd, and refin'd,
Grows their own image, pure ethereal flame.
Hence the foul Demons, that oppose our reign,
Would still from us deluded mortals wrap,
Or in gross shades they drown the visual ray,

Or by the fogs of Prejudice, where mixt
Falsehood and Truth confounded, foil the sense
With vain refracted images of bliss.
But chief around the court of flatter'd kings
They roll the dusky rampart, wall o'er wall
Of darkness pile, and with their thickest shade
Secure the throne. No savage Alp, the den
Of wolves, and bears, and monstrous things obscene,
That vex the swain and waste the country round,
Protected lies beneath a deeper cloud:
Yet there we sometimes send a searching ray:
As at the sacred opening of the morn
The prowling race retire, so, pierc'd severe,
Before our potent blaze these Demons fly,
And all their works dissolve. The whispered Tale,
That like the fabling Nile, no fountain knows;
Fair-fac'd Deceit, whose wily conscious eye
Ne'er looks direct; the tongue that licks the dust,
But, when it safely dares, as prompt to sting;
Smooth crocodile Destruction, whose fell tears
Ensnare; the Janus face of courtly Pride,
One to superiors heaves submissive eyes,
On hapless Worth the other scowls disdain;
Cheeks that for some weak tenderness, alone,
Some virtuous slip, can wear a blush; the Laugh
Profane, when midnight bowls disclose the heart.
At starving Virtue, and at Virtue's fools;
Determin'd to be broke, the plighted Faith;
Nay, more, the Godless Oath, that knows no tie;

Soft-buzzing Slander; silky moths, that eat
An honest name; the harpy hand and maw
Of avaricious Luxury, who makes
The throne his shelter, venal laws his fort,
And, by his service, who betrays his king.
Now turn your view, and mark, from Celtic * night
To present grandeur, how my Britain rose.
Bold were those Britons who, the careless sons
Of Nature, roam'd the forest-bounds, at once
Their verdant city, high-embowering fane,
And the gay circle of their wood-land wars;
For by the Druid taught, † that death but shifts
The vital scene, they that prime fear despis'd;
And, prone to rush on steel, disdain'd to spare
An ill-sav'd life that must again return.
Erect from Nature's hand, by tyrant Force,
And still more tyrant Custom, unsubdu'd,
Man knows no master save creating Heaven,
Or such as choice and common good ordain.
This general sense, with which the nations I
Promiscuous fire, in Britons burn'd intense,
Of future times prophetic. Witness Rome!
Who saw'st thy Cæsar, from the naked land,
Whose only fort was British hearts repell'd,
To seek Pharsalian wreaths. Witness the toil,
The blood of ages, bootless to secure,

* Great Britain was peopled by the Celtæ or Gauls.
† The Druids, among the ancient Gauls and Britons, had the care and direction of all religious matters.

Beneath an Empire's yoke, * a stubborn Isle,
Disputed hard, and never quite subdu'd.
The North † remain'd untouch'd, where those who
To stoop retir'd; and to their keen effort [scorn'd
Yielding at last, recoil'd the Roman power.
In vain, unable to sustain the shock,
From sea to sea desponding legions rais'd
The wall immense, ‡ and yet, on summer's eve,
While sport his lambkins round, the shepherd's gaze.
Continual o'er it burst the northern storm, ‖
As often check'd, receded, threatening hoarse
A swift return. But the devouring flood
No more endur'd controul, when, to support
The last remains of empire, § was recall'd
The weary Roman, and the Briton lay
Unnerv'd, exhausted, spiritless, and sunk.
Great proof how men enfeeble into slaves!
The sword behind him flash'd; before him roar'd,
Deaf to his woes, the deep. ¶ Forlorn, around

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* The Roman Empire.

† Caledonia, inhabited by the Scots and Picts, whither a great many Britons, who would not submit to the Romans, retired.

‡ The walls of Severus, built upon Adrian's rampart, which ran for eighty miles quite across the country from the mouth of the Tyne to Solway-Frith.

‖ Irruptions of the Scots and Picts.

§ The Roman Empire being miserably torn by the northern nations, Britain was for ever abandoned by the Romans in the year 426 or 427.

¶ The Britons, applying to Aetius the Roman general for assistance, thus expressed their miserable

He roll'd his eye, not sparkling ardent flame,
As when Caractacus * to battle led
Silurian swains, and Boadicea † taught
Her raging troops the miseries of slaves.
Then (sad relief!) from the bleak coast that hears
The German ocean roar, deep-blooming, strong,
And yellow-hair'd, the blue-ey'd Saxon came.
He came implor'd, but came with other aim
Than to protect: for conquest and defence
Suffices the same arm. With the fierce race
Pour'd in a fresh invigorating stream,
Blood where, unquell'd, a mighty spirit glow'd:
Rash war and perilous battle their delight;
And immature, and red with glorious wounds,
Unpeaceful death their choice: ‡ deriving thence
A right to feast, and drain immortal bowls,

---

condition: --" We know not which way to turn us. " The Barbarians drive us to sea, and the sea forces " us back to the Barbarians; between which we have " only the choice of two deaths, either to be swallowed " up by the waves, or butchered by the sword."

* King of the Silures, famous for his great exploits, and accounted the best general Great Britain had ever produced. The Silures were esteemed the bravest and most powerful of all the Britons; they inhabited Herefordshire, Radnorshire, Brecknockshire, Monmouthshire, and Glamorganshire.

† Queen of the Iceni. Her story is well known.

‡ It is certain that an opinion was fixed and general among them (the Goths) that death was but the entrance into another life; that all men who lived lazy and unactive lives, and died natural deaths, by sickness or by age, went into vast caves under ground, all dark and miry, full of noisome creatures usual to such

In Odin's hall, whose blazing roof resounds
The genial uproar of those shades who fall
In desperate fight, or by some brave attempt;
And tho' more polish'd times the martial creed
Disown, yet still the fearless habit lives.
Nor were the surly gifts of war their all:
Wisdom was likewise theirs, indulgent Laws,
The calm gradatious of art-nursing Peace,
And matchless Orders, the deep basis still
On which ascends my British reign. Untam'd
To the refining subtleties of slaves,
They brought an happy government along,
Form'd by that Freedom which, with secret voice,
Impartial Nature teaches all her sons,
And which of old thro' the whole Scythian mass
I strong inspir'd. Monarchical their state,
But prudently confin'd, and mingled wise
Of each harmonious power, only too much
Imperious War into their rule infus'd,

---

places, and there for ever grovelled in endless stench and misery. On the contrary, all who gave themselves to warlike actions and enterprizes, to the conquest of their neighbours, and the slaughter of their enemies, and died in battle, or of violent deaths upon bold adventures or resolutions, went immediately to the vast hall or palace of Odin, their God of War, who eternally kept open house for all such guests, where they were entertained at infinite tables, in perpetual feasts and mirth, carousing in bowls made of the sculls of their enemies they had slain, according to the number of whom every one in these mansions of pleasure was the most honoured and best entertained. Sir W. Temple's *Essay on Heroic Virtue.*

Prevail'd the General-king and Chieftain-thanes.
In many a field, by civil fury stain'd,
Bled the discordant Heptarchy,* and long
(Educing good from ill) the battle groan'd,
Ere, blood-cemented, Anglo-Saxons saw
Egbert† and Peace on one united throne.
No sooner dawn'd the fair disclosing calm
Of brighter days, when, lo! the North anew,
With stormy nations black, on England pour'd
Woes the severest e'er a people felt.
The Danish Raven,‡ lur'd by annual prey,
Hung o'er the land incessant. Fleet on fleet
Of barbarous pirates unremitting tore
The miserable coast. Before them stalk'd,
Far seen, the Demon of devouring Flame,
Rapine and Murder, all with blood besmear'd,
Without or ear, or eye, or feeling heart;
While close behind them march'd the sallow Power
Of desolating Famine, who delights
In grass-grown cities, and in desert fields;
And purple-spotted Pestilence, by whom

* The seven kingdoms of the Anglo-Saxons, considered as being united into one common government, under a general in chief, or monarch, and by the means of an assembly-general, or *wittenagemot*.

† Egbert, king of Wessex, who, after having reduced all the other kingdoms of the Heptarchy under his dominion, was the first king of England.

‡ A famous Danish standard was called Reafan, or Raven. The Danes imagined that before a battle, the Raven wrought upon this standard clapt its wings, or hung down its head, in token of victory or defeat.

Ev'n friendship scar'd, in sickening horror sinks
Each social sense and tenderness of life.
Fixing at last, the sanguinary race
Spread from the Humber's loud-resounding shore,
To where the Thames devolves his gentle maze,
And with superior arm the Saxon aw'd.
But Superstition first, and Monkish dreams,
And Monk-directed cloister-seeking kings,
Had ate away his vigour, ate away
His edge of courage, and depress'd the soul
Of conquering Freedom, which he once respir'd.
Thus cruel ages pass'd, and rare appear'd
White-mantled Peace, exulting o'er the vale,
As when, with Alfred, * from the wilds she came
To polic'd cities and protected plains.
Thus by degrees the Saxon empire sunk,
Then set entire in Hastings' bloody field. †
Compendious war! (on Britain's glory bent,
So Fate ordain'd) in that decisive day
The haughty Norman seiz'd at once an Isle,
For which thro' many a century in vain,
The Roman, Saxon, Dane, had toil'd and bled.
Of Gothic nations this the final burst;
And mix'd the genius of these people all,
Their virtues mix'd in one exalted stream,

* Alfred the Great, renowned in war, and no less famous in peace, for his many excellent institutions, particularly that of juries.

† The battle of Hastings, in which Harold II. the last of the Saxon kings, was slain, and William the Conqueror made himself master of England.

Here the rich tide of English blood grew full.
A while my spirit slept; the land a while,
Affrighted, droop'd beneath despotic rage.
Instead of Edward's equal gentle laws, *
The furious victor's partial will prevail'd.
All prostrate lay; and in the secret shade
Deep stung but fearful Indignation gnash'd
His teeth. Of freedom, property, despoil'd,
And of their bulwark, arms; with castles crush'd,
With ruffians quarter'd o'er the bridled land,
The shivering wretches, at the curfeu † sound,
Dejected shrunk into their sordid beds,
And thro' the mournful gloom of ancient times
Mus'd sad, or dreamt of better. Even to feed
A tyrant's idle sport the peasant starv'd:
To the wild herd the pasture of the tame,
The cheerful hamlet, spiry town, was given,
And the brown forest ‡ roughened wide around.
But this so dead, so vile submission, long
Endur'd not. Gathering force, my gradual flame
Shook off the mountain of tyrannic sway.
Unus'd to bend, impatient of controul,

---

* Edward III. the Confessor, who reduced the West-Saxon, Mercian, and Danish laws into one body, which, from that time, became common to all England, under the name of the Laws of Edward.

† The curfeu bell (from the French *couorefue*,) which was rung every night at eight of the clock, to warn the English to put out their fires and candles, under the penalty of a severe fine.

‡ The New Forest in Hampshire, to make which the country for above 30 miles in compass was laid waste.

Tyrants themselves the common tyrant check'd.
The Church, by kings intractable and fierce,
Deny'd her portion of the plunder'd state.
Or tempted by the timorous and weak,
To gain new ground, first taught their rapine law.
The Barons next a nobler league began;
Both those of English and of Norman race,
In one fraternal nation blended now,
The nation of the Free! press'd by a band
Of patriots, * ardent as the summer's noon
That looks delighted on, the tyrant see!
Mark! how with feign'd alacrity he bears
His strong reluctance down, his dark revenge,
And gives the charter by which life, indeed,
Becomes of price, a glory to be man.
Thro' this and thro' succeeding reigns affirm'd
These long-contested rights, the wholesome winds
Of opposition hence began to blow, †
And often since have lent the country life.
Before their breath Corruption's insect-blights,
The darkening clouds of evil counsel, fly;
Or should they sounding swell, a putrid court,
A pestilential ministry, they purge,
And ventilated states renew their bloom.

* On the 5th of June 1215, King John, met by the Barons, on Runnemede, signed the Great charter of Liberties, or *Magna Charta*.

† The league formed by the Barons, during the reign of John, in the year 1213, was the first confederacy made in England in defence of the nation's interest against the King.

Tho' with the temper'd monarchy here mix'd
Aristocratic sway, the people still
Flatter'd by this or that, as interest lean'd,
No full protection knew. For me reserv'd,
And for my commons, was that glorious turn.
They crown'd my first attempt, in senates rose, *
The fort of Freedom! Slow, till then, alone,
Had work'd that general liberty, that soul
Which generous Nature breathes, and which, when left
By me to bondage was corrupted Rome,
I thro' the northern nations wide diffus'd:
Hence many a people, fierce with freedom, rush'd
From the rude iron regions of the north,
To Lybian deserts swarm protruding swarm,
And pour'd new spirit thro' a slavish world.
Yet o'er these Gothic states the king and chiefs
Retain'd the high prerogative of war,
And with enormous property engross'd
The mingled pow'r. But on Britannia's shore
Now present, I to raise my reign began
By raising the democracy, the third

* The commons are generally thought to have been first represented in parliament towards the end of Henry the Third's reign. To a parliament called in the year 1264, each county was ordered to send four knights, as representatives of their respective shires; and to a parliament called in the year following, each county was ordered to send, as their representatives, two knights, and each city and borough as many citizens and burgesses. Till then, history makes no mention of them; whence a very strong argument may be drawn to fix the original of the House of Commons to that era.

And broadest bulwark of the guarded state.
Then was the full, the perfect, plan disclos'd
Of Britain's matchless Constitution, mixt
Of mutual checking and supporting powers,
King, Lords, and Commons; nor the name of Free
Deserving while the vassel-many droop'd:
For since the moment of the whole they form,
So, as depress'd or rais'd, the balance they
Of public welfare and of glory cast.
Mark from this period the continual proof.
When kings of narrow genius, minion-rid,
Neglecting faithful worth for fawning slaves,
Proudly regardless of their people's plaints,
And poorly passive of insulting foes,
Double, not prudent, obstinate, not firm,
Their mercy fear, necessity their faith,
Instead of generous fire, presumptuous, hot,
Rash to resolve, and slothful to perform,
Tyrants at once and slaves, imperious, mean,
To want rapacious joining shameful waste,
By counsels weak and wicked, easy rous'd
To paltry schemes of absolute command,
To seek their splendor in their sure disgrace,
And in a broken ruin'd people wealth;
When such o'ercast the state, no bond of love,
No heart, no soul, no unity, no nerve,
Combin'd the loose disjointed public, lost
To fame abroad, to happiness at home.

But when an Edward * and an Henry † breath'd
Thro' the charm'd whole one all-exerting soul,
Drawn sympathetic from his dark retreat,
When wide-attracted Merit round them glow'd;
When counsels just, extensive, generous, firm,
Amid the maze of state, determin'd kept
Some ruling point in view; when, on the stock
Of public good and glory grafted, spread
Their palms, their laurels, or, if thence they stray'd,
Swift to return, and patient of restraint;
When regal state, pre-eminence of place,
They scorn'd to deem pre-eminence of ease,
To be luxurious drones, that only rob
The busy hive, as in distinction, power,
Indulgence, honour, and advantage, first;
When they, too, claim'd in virtue, danger, toil,
Superior rank, with equal hand prepar'd
To guard the subject and to quell the foe;
When such with me their vital influence shed,
No mutter'd grievance, hopeless sigh, was heard,
No foul distrust thro' wary senates ran,
Confin'd their bounty, and their ardour quench'd;
On aid, unquestion'd, liberal aid was given;
Safe in their conduct, by their valour fir'd,
Fond where they led victorious armies rush'd;
And Cressy, Poitiers, Agincourt ‡ proclaim

* Edward II. † Henry V.

‡ Three famous battles gained by the English over the French.

What kings supported by almighty Love,
And people fir'd with Liberty can do.
Be veil'd the savage reigns, * when kindred rage
The numerous-once Plantagenets devour'd,
A race to vengeance vow'd! and when, oppress'd
By private feuds, almost extinguish'd lay
My quivering flame: but in the next, behold!
A cautious tyrant † lend it oil anew.
Proud, dark, suspicious, brooding o'er his gold,
As how to fix his throne he jealous cast
His crafty views around, pierc'd with a ray,
Which on his timid mind I darted full,
He mark'd the Barons of excessive sway,
At pleasure making and unmaking kings; ‡
And hence, to crush these petty tyrants, plann'd
A law that let them, by the silent waste
Of luxury, their landed wealth diffuse, ‖
And with that wealth their implicated power.
By soft degrees a mighty change ensu'd,
Even working to this day. With streams deduc'd
From these diminish'd floods the country smil'd:
As when, impetuous from the snow-heap'd Alps,
To vernal suns relenting, pours the Rhine;
While undivided, oft' with wasteful sweep,

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* During the civil wars betwixt the families of York and Lancaster.

† Henry VII.

‡ The famous Earl of Warwick, during the reigns of Henry VI. and Edw. IV. was called the King-maker.

‖ Permiting the Barons to alienate their lands.

He foams along; but thro' Batavian meads,
Branch'd into fair canals, indulgent flows,
Waters a thousand fields, and culture, trade,
Towns, meadows, gliding ships, and villas mix'd,
A rich, a wondrous landscape, rises round.
His furious son * the soul-enslaving chain, †
Which many a doting venerable age
Had link by link strong-twisted round the land,
Shook off. No longer could be borne a power,
From Heaven pretended, to deceive, to void
Each solemn tie, to plunder without bounds,
To curb the generous soul, to fool mankind;
And, wild at last, to plunge into a sea
Of blood and horror. The returning light,
That first thro' Wickliff ‡ streak'd the priestly gloom,
Now burst in open day. Bar'd to the blaze,
Forth from the haunts of Superstition ‖ crawl'd
Her motely sons, fantastic figures all,
And, wide-dispers'd, their useless fetid wealth
In graceful labour bloom'd, and fruits of peace.
Trade, join'd to these, on every sea display'd
A daring canvas, pour'd with every tide
A golden flood. From other worlds § were roll'd

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* Henry VIII. † Of papal dominion.

‡ John Wickliff, Doctor of Divinity, who, towards the close of the fourteenth century, published doctrines very contrary to those of the church of Rome, and particularly denying the Papal authority. His followers grew very numerous, and were called *Lollards*.

‖ Suppression of monasteries.

§ The Spanish West Indies.

The guilty glittering stores, whose fatal charms,
By the plain Indian happily despis'd,
Yet work'd his woe; and to the blissful groves,
Where Nature liv'd herself among her sons,
And Innocence and Joy for ever dwelt,
Drew rage unknown to Pagan climes before,
The worst the zeal-inflam'd barbarian drew.
Be no such horrid commerce, Britain! thine,
But want for want, with mutual aid, supply.
The Commons, thus enrich'd, and powerful grown,
Against the Barons weigh'd. Eliza then,
Amid these doubtful motions, steady gave
The beam to fix. She! like the secret eye
That never closes on a guarded world,
So sought, so mark'd, so seiz'd the public good,
That self-supported, without one ally,
She aw'd her inward, quell'd her circling foes.
Inspir'd by me, beneath her sheltering arm,
In spite of raging universal sway, *
And raging seas repress'd, the Belgic states,
My bulwark on the continent, arose.
Matchless in all the spirit of her days!
With confidence unbounded, fearless love
Elate, her fervent people waited gay,
Cheerful demanded the long-threaten'd fleet, †

* The dominion of the House of Austria.

† The Spanish Armada. Rapin says, that after proper measures had been taken, the enemy was expected with uncommon alacrity.

And dash'd the pride of Spain around their isle.
Nor ceas'd the British thunder here to rage:
The deep, reclaim'd, obey'd its awful call;
In fire and smoke Iberian ports involv'd,
The trembling foe even to the centre shook
Of their new-conquer'd world, and sculking stole,
By veering winds, their Indian treasure home.
Mean time, peace, plenty, justice, science, arts,
With softer laurels crown'd her happy reign.

As yet uncircumscrib'd the regal power,
And wild and vague Prerogative remain'd,
A wide voracious gulf, where swallow'd oft'
The helpless subject lay. This to reduce
To the just limit was my great effort.

By means that evil seem to narrow man,
Superior beings work their mystic will:
From storm and trouble thus a settled calm
At last, effulgent, o'er Britannia smil'd.

The gathering tempest, Heaven-commission'd, came,
Came in the Prince,* who, drunk with flattery, dreamt
His vain pacific counsels rul'd the world;
Tho' scorn'd abroad, bewilder'd in a maze
Of fruitless treaties, while at home enslav'd,
And by a worthless crew, insatiate, drain'd,
He lost his people's confidence and love:
Irreparable loss! whence crowns become
An anxious burden. Years inglorious pass'd;

* James I.

Triumphant Spain the vengeful draught enjoy'd;
Abandon'd Frederick * pin'd, and Raleigh bled:
But nothing that to these internal broils,
That rancour, he began; while lawless Sway
He, with his slavish Doctors, tried to rear
On metaphysic, on enchanted ground, †
And all the mazy quibbles of the schools;
As if for one, and sometimes for the worst,
Heaven had mankind in vengeance only made.
Vain the pretence! not so the dire effect,
The fierce, the foolish discord thence deriv'd, ‡
That tears the country still by party-rage
And ministerial clamour kept alive.
In action weak, and for the wordy war
Best fitted, faint this prince pursu'd his claim;
Content to teach the subject-herd how great,
How sacred he! how despicable they!

But his unyielding son ‖ these doctrines drank,
With all a bigot's rage (who never damps
By reasoning his fire,) and what they taught,
Warm, and tenacious, into practice push'd.
Senates, in vain, their kind restraint apply'd;

---

* Elector Palatine, and who had been chosen King of Bohemia, but was stript of all his dominions and dignities by the Emperor Ferdinand, while James I. his father-in-law, being amused from time to time, endeavoured to mediate a peace.

† The monstrous and till then unheard of doctrines of divine indefeasible hereditary right, passive obedience, &c.

‡ The parties of Whig and Tory. ‖ Charles I.

The more they struggled to support the laws,
His justice-dreading ministers the more
Drove him beyond their bounds. Tir'd with the check
Of faithful Love, and with the flattery pleas'd
Of false designing Guilt, the fountain * he
Of public wisdom and of justice shut.
Wide mourn'd the land. Straight to the voted aid
Free, cordial, large, of never-failing source,
Th' illegal imposition follow'd harsh,
With execration given, or ruthless squeez'd
From an insulted people, by a band
Of the worst ruffians, those of tyrant power.
Oppression walk'd at large, and pour'd abroad
Her unrelenting train: informers, spies,
Blood-hounds, that sturdy Freedom to the grove
Pursue; projectors of aggrieving schemes,
Commerce† to load for unprotected seas,
To sell the starving many to the few,‡
And drain a thousand ways th' exhausted land.
Even from that place whence healing peace should flow,
And gospel truth, inhuman bigots shed
Their poison round; ‖ and on the venal bench,
Instead of Justice, Party held the scale,
And Violence the sword. Afflicted years,
Too patient, felt at last their vengeance full.

---

* Parliament. † Ship-Money. ‡ Monopolies.

‖ The raging high church sermons of these times inspiring at once a spirit of slavish submission to the court, and of bitter persecution against those whom they call Church and State Puritans.

Mid the low murmurs of submissive fear
And mingled rage, my Hampden rais'd his voice,
And to the laws appeal'd; the laws no more
In judgment sate, behov'd some other ear;
When instant from the keen resentive north,
By long oppression, by religion rous'd,
The guardian-army came. Beneath its wing
Was call'd, tho' meant to furnish hostile aid,
The more than Roman senate. There a flame
Broke out that cleard, consum'd, renew'd the land.
In deep emotion hurl'd, nor Greece nor Rome,
Indignant bursting from a tyrant's chain,
While, full of me, each agitated soul
Strung every nerve, and flam'd in every eye,
Had e'er beheld such light and heat combin'd!
Such heads and heart! such dreadful zeal, led on
By calm majestic Wisdom, taught its course
What nuisance to devour; such wisdom fir'd
With unabating zeal, and aim'd sincere
To clear the weedy state, restore the laws,
And for the future to secure their sway.

This, then, the purpose of my mildest sons;
But man is blind. A nation once inflam'd
(Chief should the breath of factious Fury blow,
With the wild rage of mad enthusiast swell'd)
Not easy cools again. From breast to breast,
From eye to eye, the kindling passions mix
In heightened blaze, and, ever wise and just,
High Heaven to gracious ends directs the storm.
Thus in one conflagration Britain wrapt,

And by Confusion's lawless sons despoil'd,
King, Lords, and Commons, thundering to the ground,
Successive, rush'd. Lo! from their ashes rose,
Gay-beaming radiant youth, the Phœnix-state.*
The grievous yoke of vassalage, the yoke
Of private life, lay by those flames dissolv'd;
And from the wasteful, the luxurious king,†
Was purchas'd ‡ that which taught the young to bend.
Stronger restor'd, the Commons tax'd the whole,
And built on that eternal rock their power.
The crown, of its hereditary wealth
Despoil'd, on senates more dependent grew,
And they more frequent, more assur'd. Yet liv'd,
And in full vigour spread that bitter root,
The passive doctrines, by their patrons first
Oppos'd, ferocious, when they touch themselves.
This wild delusive cant, the rash cabal
Of hungry courtiers, ravenous for prey,
The bigot, restless in a double chain
To blind a-new the land, the constant need
Of finding faithless means, of shifting forms,
And flattering senates to supply his waste;
These tore some moments from the careless prince,
And in his breast awak'd the kindred plan.
By dangerous softness long he min'd his way;
By subtle arts, dissimulation deep;
By sharing what Corruption shower'd, profuse;
By breathing wide the gay licentious plague,
And pleasing manners, fitted to deceive.

* At the Restoration. † Charles II. ‡ Court of Wards.

At last subsided the delirious joy,
On whose high billow, from the saintly reign,
The nation drove too far. A pension'd king,
Against his country brib'd by Gallic gold,
The port pernicious sold, * the Scylla since,
And fell Charybdis, of the British seas;
Freedom attack'd abroad, † with surer blow
To cut it off at home; the Saviour-League ‡
Of Europe broke; the progress even advanc'd
Of universal sway, ‖ which to reduce
Such seas of blood and treasure Britain cost;
The millions by a generous people given,
Or squander'd vile, or to corrupt, disgrace,
And awe the land with forces not their own, §
Employ'd; the darling Church herself betray'd;
All these, broad glaring, op'd the general eye,
And wak'd my spirit, the resisting soul.
Mild was, at first, and half asham'd, the check
Of senates, shook from the fantastic dream
Of absolute submission, tenets vile!
Which slaves would blush to own, and which, reduc'd
To practice, always honest Nature shock.
Not even the mask remov'd, and the fierce front
Of Tyranny disclos'd, nor trampled laws,

---

* Dunkirk.

† The war, in conjunction with France, against the Dutch.

‡ The Triple Alliance. ‖ Under Lewis XIV.

§ A standing army, raised without the consent of parliament.

Nor seiz'd each badge of Freedom * thro' the land,
Nor Sidney bleeding for th' unpublish'd page,
Nor on the bench avow'd Corruption plac'd.
And murderous Rage itself, in Jefferies' form,
Nor endless acts of arbitrary power,
Cruel, and false, could raise the public arm.
Distrustful, scatter'd, of combining chiefs
Devoid, snd dreading blind rapacious War,
The patient public turns not, till impell'd
To the near verge of ruin. Hence I rous'd
The bigot king, † and hurry'd fated on
His measures immature. But chief his zeal,
Out-flaming Rome herself, portentous scar'd
The troubled nation: Mary's horrid days
To fancy bleeding rose, and the dire glare
Of Smithfield lightened in its eyes anew,
Yet silence reign'd. Each on another scowl'd
Rueful amazement, pressing down his rage:
As mustering vengeance, the deep thunder frowns,
Awfully still, waiting the high command
To spring. Straight from his country Europe sav'd,
To save Britannia, lo! my darling son,
Than hero more! the patriot of mankind!
Immortal Nassau came. I hush'd the deep,
By demons rous'd, and bade the listed winds, ‡

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* The charters of corporations. † James II.

‡ The Prince of Orange, in his passage to England, tho' his fleet had been at first dispersed by a storm, was afterwards extremely favoured by several changes of wind.

Still shifting as behov'd, with various breath,
Waft the Deliverer to the longing shore.
See! wide alive, the foaming Channel * bright
With swelling sails, and all the pride of War,
Delightful view! when Justice draws the sword:
And mark! diffusing ardent soul around,
And sweet contempt of death, my streaming flag, †
Even adverse navies ‡ bless'd the binding gale,
Kept down the glad acclaim, and silent joy'd.
Arriv'd, the pomp, and not the waste of arms,
His progress mark'd. The faint opposing host ||
For once, in yielding their best victory found,
And by desertion prov'd exalted faith;
While his, the bloodless conquest of the heart,
Shouts without groan, and triumph without war.

---

* Rapin, in his History of England.---The third of November the fleet entered the Channel, and lay by between Calais and Dover, to stay for the ships that were behind. Here the Prince called a council of war. It is easy to imagine what a glorious show the fleet made. Five or six hundred ships in so narrow a channel, and both the English and French shores covered with numberless spectators, are no common sight. For my part, who was then on board the fleet, I own it struck me extremely.

† The Prince placed himself in the main body, carrying a flag with English colours, and their Highnesses' arms surrounded with this motto, *The Protestant Religion and the Liberties of England*, and underneath the motto of the house of Nassau. *Je maintendrat*, I will maintain. *Rapin.*

‡ The English fleet. || The King's army.

Then dawn'd the period destin'd to confine
The surge of wild Prerogative, to raise
A mound restraining its imperious rage,
And bid the raving deep no farther flow.
Nor where, without that fence, the swallow'd state
Better than Belgian plains without their dykes,
Sustaining weighty seas. This, often sav'd
By more than human hand, the public saw,
And seiz'd the white-wing'd moment. Pleased to yield*
Destructive power, a wise heroic prince†
Even lent his aid. Thrice happy! did they know
Their happiness, Britannia's bounded kings.
What tho' not theirs the boast, in dungeon-glooms
To plunge bold Freedom? or to cheerless wilds
To drive him from the cordial face of friend?
Or fierce to strike him at the midnight hour,
By mandate blind, not Justice, that delights
To dare the keenest eye of open day?
What tho' no glory to control the laws,
And make injurious will their only rule,
They deem it? What tho', tools of wanton power,
Pestiferous armies swarm not at their call?
What tho' they give not a relentless crew
Of Civil Furies proud Oppression's fangs?
To tear at pleasure the dejected land,
With starving Labour pampering idle Waste!
To clothe the naked, feed the hungry, wipe
The guiltless tear from lone Affliction's eye!

* By the Bill of Rights and the Act of Succession.
† William III.

To raise hid Merit, set the alluring light
Of Virtue high to view; to nourish Arts,
Direct the thunder of an injur'd state,
Make a whole glorious people sing for joy,
Bless human kind, and thro' the downward depth
Of future times to spread that better sun
Which lights up British soul: for deeds like these
The dazzling fair career unbounded lies;
While (still superior bless!) the dark abrupt
Is kindly barr'd, the precipice of ill.
Oh! luxury divine! Oh! poor to this,
Ye giddy glories of despotic thrones!
By this, by this indeed, is imag'd Heav'n,
By boundless good, without the power of ill.
And now, behold! exalted as the cope
That swells immense o'er many-peopled earth,
And like it free, my fabric stands complete,
The palace of the Laws. To the four heavens
Four gates impartial thrown, unceasing crowds,
With kings themselves the hearty peasant mix'd,
Pour urgent in; and tho' to different ranks
Responsive place belongs, yet equal spreads
The shelt'ring roof o'er all; while Plenty flows,
And glad Contentment echoes round the whole.
Ye floods! descend; ye winds! confirming, blow;
Nor outward tempest nor corrosive time,
Nought but the felon undermining hand
Of dark Corruption, can its frame dissolve,
And lay the toil of ages in the dust.

Thomson.]

THE PROSPECT.

LIBERTY.

PART V.

The Contents.

AUTHOR addresses the Goddess of Liberty, marking the happiness and grandeur of Great Britain, as arising from her influence, to v. 88. She resumes her discourse, and points out the chief virtues which are necessary to maintain her establishment there, to v. 374. Recommends, as its last ornaments and finishing, Sciences, fine Arts, and public Works. The encouragement of these urged from the example of France, though under a despotic government, to v 549. The whole concludes with a prospect of future times, given by the Goddess of Liberty: this described by the Author, as it passes in Vision before him.

HERE interposing, as the Goddess paus'd,---
" Oh! blest Britannia! in thy presence blest,
" Thou guardian of mankind! whence spring, alone,
" All human grandeur, happiness, and fame:
" For toil, by thee protected, feels no pain;
" The poor man's lot with milk and honey flows;
" And, gilded with thy rays, even death looks gay.
" Let other lands the potent blessings boast
" Of more exalting suns: let Asia's woods,
" Untended, yield the vegetable fleece;
" And let the little insect-artist form,
" On higher life intent, its silken tomb:
" Let wondering rocks, in radiant birth, disclose

" The various-tinctur'd children of the Sun:
" From the prone beam let more delicious fruits
" A flavour drink, that in one piercing taste
" Bids each combine: let Gallic vineyards burst
" With floods of joy; with mild balsamic juice
" The Tuscan olive; let Arabia breathe
" Her spicy gales, her vital gums distil:
" Turbid with gold, let southern rivers flow,
" And orient floods draw soft o'er pearls their maze;
" Let Afric vaunt her treasures: let Peru
" Deep in her bowels her own ruin breed,
" The yellow traitor that her bliss betray'd,---
" Unequall'd bliss! and to unequall'd rage!
" Yet nor the gorgeous East nor golden South,
" Nor in full prime, that new-discover'd world,
" Where flames the falling day in wealth and praise,
" Shall with Britannia vie, while, Goddess! she
" Derives her praise from thee, her matchless charms.
" Her hearty fruits the hand of Freedom own;
" And, warm with culture, her thick-clust'ring fields
" Prolific teem. Eternal verdure crowns
" Her meads; her gardens smile erernal spring:
" She gives the hunter-horse, unquell'd by toil,
" Ardent, to rush into the rapid chase:
" She, whitening o'er her downs, diffusive, pours
" Unnumber'd flocks: she weaves the fleecy robe
" That wraps the nations: she to lusty droves
" The richest pasture spreads, and her's, deep-wave

" Autumnal seas of pleasing plenty round.
" These her delights; and by no baneful herb,
" No darting tiger, no grim lion's glare,
" No fierce-descending wolf, no serpent roll'd
" In spires immense progressive o'er the land
" Disturb'd. Enlivening these, add cities full
" Of wealth, of trade, of cheerful toiling crowds;
" Add thriving towns; add villages and farms,
" Innumerous sow'd along the lively vale,
" Where bold unrival'd peasants happy dwell:
" Add ancient seats, with venerable oaks
" Embosom'd high, while kindred floods below
" Wind thro' the mead; and those of modern hand,
" More pompous, add, that splendid shine afar.
" Need I her limpid lakes, her rivers, name,
" Where swarm the finny race! thee, chief, O Thames!
" On whose each tide, glad with returning sails,
" Flows in the mingled harvest of mankind?
" And thee, thou Severn! whose prodigious swell,
" And waves, resounding, imitate the main?
" Why need I name her deep capacious ports,
" That point around the world? And why her seas?
" All ocean is her own, and every land
" To whom her ruling thunder ocean bears.
" She, too, the mineral feeds: the obedient lead,
" The warlike iron, nor the peaceful less,
" Forming of life art civiliz'd the bond;
" And that the Tyrian merchant sought of old, *

* Tin.

" Not dreaming then of Britain's brighter fame.
" She rears to Freedom an undaunted race;
" Compatriot zealous, hospitable, kind,
" Her's the warm Cambrian: her's the lofty Scot,
" To hardship tam'd, active in arts and arms,
" Fir'd with a restless, an impatient flame,
" That leads him raptur'd where Ambition calls:
" And English Merit her's, where meet, combin'd,
" Whate'er high fancy, sound judicious thought,
" An ample generous heart, undrooping soul,
" And firm tenacious valour, can bestow.
" Great nurse of fruits, of flocks, of commerce she!
" Great nurse of men; by thee, O Goddess! taught,
" Her old renown I trace, disclose her source
" Of wealth, of grandeur, and to Britons sing
" A strain the Muses never touch'd before."
" But how shall this thy mighty kingdom stand?
" On what unyielding base? how finish'd shine?"
At this her eye, collecting all its fire,
Beam'd more than human; and her awful voice
Majestic thus she rais'd.---" To Britons bear
" This closing strain, and with intenser note
" Loud let it sound in their awaken'd ear."
On Virtue can alone my kingdom stand,
On Public Virtue, every Virtue join'd,
For lost this social cement of mankind,
The greatest empires, by scarce-felt degrees,
Will moulder soft away, till, tottering loose,

They prone at last to total ruin rush.
Unblest by Virtue, government a league
Becomes, a circling junto of the great,
To rob by law; religion mild a yoke
To tame the stooping soul, a trick of state
To mask their rapine, and to share the prey.
What are without it Senates, save a face
Of consultation deep and reason free,
While the determin'd voice and heart are sold?
What boasted Freedom, save a sounding name?
And what Election, but a market vile
Of slaves self-barter'd? Virtue! without thee
There is no ruling eye, no nerve, in states;
War has no vigour, and no safety peace:
Even justice warps to party, laws oppress,
Wide thro' the land their weak protection fails,
First broke the balance, and then scorn'd the sword.
Thus nations sink, society dissolves;
Rapine, and Guile, and Violence, break loose,
Everting life, and turning love to gall!
Man hates the face of man, and Indian woods
And Libya's hissing sands to him are tame.

By those three virtues be the frame sustain'd
Of British Freedom; Independent Life;
Integrity in Office; and, o'er all
Supreme, a Passion for the Commonweal.

Hail Independence! hail! Heaven's next best gift,
To that of life and an immortal soul!

The life of life! that to the the banquet high
And sober meal gives taste; to the bow'd roof
Fair dream'd repose, and to the cottage charms.
Of Public Freedom, hail, thou secret Source!
Whose streams, from every quarter confluent, form
My better Nile, that nurses human life.
By rills from thee deduc'd, irriguous fed,
The private field looks gay, with Nature's wealth
Abundant flows, and blooms with each delight
That Nature craves. Its happy master there,
The only Freeman, walks his pleasing round,
Sweet-featur'd Peace attending, fearless Truth,
Firm Resolution, Goodness, blessing all
That can rejoice, Contentment, surest friend,
And, still fresh stores from Nature's book deriv'd,
Philosophy, companion ever new.
These cheer his rural, and sustain or fire,
When into action call'd his busy hours.
Mean time true judging moderate desires,
Economy and taste, combin'd, direct
His clear affairs, and from debauching fiends
Secure his little kingdom. Nor can those
Whom Fortune heaps, without these virtues, reach
That truce with pain, that animated ease,
That self-enjoyment springing from within,
That Independence, active or retir'd,
Which make the soundest bliss of man below;
But, lost beneath the rubbish of their means,

And drain'd by wants to Nature all unknown,
A wandering, tasteless, gaily-wretched train,
Tho' rich are beggars, and tho' noble slaves.
Lo! damn'd to wealth, at what a gross expence
They purchase disappointment, pain, and shame.
Instead of hearty hospitable cheer,
See how the hall with brutal riot flows!
While in the foaming flood, fermenting, steep'd,
The country maddens into party-rage.
Mark those disgraceful piles of wood and stone,
Those parks and gardens, where, his haunts betrimm'd,
And Nature by presumptuous Art oppress'd,
The woodland Genius mourns. See the full board
That streams disgust, and bowls that give no joy:
No Truth invited there to feed the mind,
Nor Wit the wine-rejoicing reason quaffs.
Hark! how the dome with insolence resounds,
With those retain'd by Vanity to scare
Repose and friends. To tyrant Fashion mark
The costly worship paid, to the broad gaze
Of fools. From still delusive day to day,
Led an eternal round of lying hope,
See, self-abandon'd, how they roam adrift,
Dash'd o'er the town, a miserable wreck!
Then to adore some warbling eunuch turn'd,
With Midas' ears they crowd; or to the buzz
Of masquerade unblushing; or, to show
Their scorn of Nature, at the Tragic scene

They mirthful sit, or prove the Comic true.
But, chief, behold! around the rattling board,
The civil robbers rang'd; and even the Fair,
The tender Fair! each sweetness laid aside,
As fierce for plunder as all licens'd troops
In some sack'd city. Thus dissolv'd their wealth,
Without one generous luxury dissolv'd,
Or quarter'd on it many a needless want,
At the throng'd levee bends the venal tribe;
With fair but faithless smiles each varnish'd o'er,
Each smooth as those that mutually deceive,
And for their falsehood each despising each,
Till shook their patron by the wintry winds,
Wide flies the withered shower, and leaves him bare.
O far superior Afric's sable sons,
By merchant pilfer'd, to these willing slaves!
And rich as unsqueez'd favourite, to them,
Is he who can his Virtue boast alone!
Britons! be firm,---nor let Corruption sly
Twine round your heart indissoluble chains!
The steel of Brutus burst the grosser bonds
By Cæsar cast o'er Rome; but still remain'd
The soft enchanting fetters of the mind,
And other Cæsars rose. Determin'd, hold
Your Independence! for that once destroy'd,
Unfounded, Freedom is a morning-dream,
That flits aërial from the spreading eye.
Forbid it, Heaven! that ever I need urge

Integrity in Office on my sons!
Inculcate common honour---not to rob---
And whom?---the gracious, the confiding hand,
That lavishly rewards; the toiling poor,
Whose cup with many a bitter drop is mixt;
The guardian public; every face they see,
And every friend; nay, in effect, themselves.
As in familiar life the villain's fate
Admits no cure; so when a desperate age
At this arrives, I the devoted race
Indignant spurn, and hopeless soar away.

But, ah! too little known to modern times!
Be not the noblest passion past unsung;
That ray peculiar, from unbounded Love
Effus'd, which kindles the heroic soul,
Devotion to the public. Glorious flame!
Celestial ardour! in what unknown worlds,
Profusely scatter'd thro' the blue immense,
Hast thou been blessing myriads, since in Rome,
Old virtuous Rome! so many deathless names
From thee their lustre drew? since, taught by thee
Their poverty put splendour to the blush,
Pain grew luxurious, and even death delight?
O wilt thou ne'er, in thy long period, look,
With blaze direct, on this my last retreat?

'Tis not enough, from self-right understood
Reflected, that thy rays inflame the heart;
Tho' Virtue not disdains appeals to self,

Dreads not the trial, all her joys are true,
Nor is there any real joy save her's.
Far less the tepid, the declaiming race,
Foes to Corruption, to its wages friends,
Or those whom private passions, for a while,
Beneath my standard list, can they suffice
To raise and fix the glory of my reign?
An active flood of universal love
Must swell the breast. First, in effusion wide,
The restless spirit roves creation round,
And seizes every being; stronger then
It tends to life, whate'er the kindred search
Of bliss allys; then, more collected still,
It urges human-kind: a passion grown,
At last, the central parent-public calls
Its utmost effort forth, awakes each sense,
The comely, grand, and tender. Without this,
This awful pant, shook from sublimer powers
Than those of Self, this heaven-infus'd delight,
This moral gravitation, rushing prone
To press the public good, my system soon,
Traverse, to several selfish centres drawn,
Will reel to ruin, while for ever shut
Stand the bright portals of desponding Fame.
From sordid self shoot up no shining deeds,
None of those ancient lights that gladden earth,
Give grace to being, and arouse the brave
To just ambition, Virtue's quickening fire;

Life tedious grows, an idly-bustling round,
Fill'd up with actions animal and mean,
A dull gazette! Th' impatient reader scorns
The poor historic page, till kindly comes
Oblivion, and redeems a people's shame.
Not so the times when, emulation-stung,
Greece shone in Genius, Science, and in Arts,
And Rome in virtues dreadful to be told!
To live was glory then! and charm'd mankind,
Thro' the deep periods of devolving time,
Those, raptur'd, copy; these, astonish'd, read.
True, a corrupted state, with every vice
And every meanness foul, this passion damps.
Who can, unshock'd, behold the cruel eye?
The pale inveigling smile? the ruffian front?
The wretch abandon'd to relentless Self,
Equally vile if miser or profuse?
Powers not of God, assiduous to corrupt?
The fell deputed tyrant, who devours
The poor and weak,* at distance from redress?
Delirious Faction bellowing loud my name?
The false fair-seeming patriot's hollow boast?
A race resolv'd on bondage, fierce for chains,
My sacred rights a merchandise alone

* Lord Molesworth, in his account of Denmark, says,--It is observed, that in limited monarchies and commonwealths, a neighbourhood to the seat of the government is advantageous to the subjects, whilst the distant provinces are less thriving, and more liable to oppression.

Esteeming, and to work their feeder's will
By deeds, a horror to mankind, prepar'd,
As were the dregs of Romulus of old?
Who these, indeed, can undetesting see?
But who unpitying? To the generous eye
Distress is virtue; and tho' self-betray'd,
A people struggling with their fate must rouse
The hero's throb. Nor can a land, at once,
Be lost to virtue quite. How glorious, then!
Fit luxury for gods! to save the good,
Protect the feeble, dash bold Vice aside,
Depress the wicked, and restore the frail!
Posterity, besides, the young are pure,
And sons may tinge their father's cheek with shame.
Should, then, the times arrive (which Heaven avert!)
That Britons bend unnerv'd, not by the force
Of arms, more generous, and more manly, quell'd,
But by Corruption's foul-dejecting arts,
Arts impudent! and gross! by their own gold,
In part bestow'd, to bribe them to give all:
With party raging, or immers'd in sloth,
Should they Britannia's well-fought laurels yield
To slily-conquering Gaul, even from her brow
Let her own naval oak be basely torn,
By such as tremble at the stiffening gale,
And nerveless sink while others sing rejoic'd.
Or (darker prospect! scarce one gleam behind
Disclosing) should the broad corruptive plague
Breathe from the City to the furthest hut

That sits serene within the forest-shade,
The sever'd people fire, inflame their wants,
And their luxurious thirst, so gathering rage,
That, were a buyer found, they stand prepar'd
To sell their birthright for a cooling draught;
Should shameless pens for plain Corruption plead,
The hir'd assassins of the Commonweal!
Deem'd the declaiming rant of Greece and Rome;
Should Public Virtue grow the public scoff,
Till Private, failing, staggers thro' the land;
Till round the City loose mechanic Want,
Dire-prowling nightly, makes the cheerful haunt
Of men more hideous than Numidian wilds,
Nor from its fury sleeps the vale in peace,
And murders, horrors, perjuries abound;
Nay, till to lowest deeds the highest stoop,
The rich, like starving wretches, thirst for gold,
And those on whom the vernal showers of Heaven
All-bounteous fall, and that prime lot bestow,
A power to live to Nature and themselves,
In sick attendance wear their anxious days,
With fortune joyless, and with honours mean.
Mean time, perhaps, profusion flows around,
The waste of war, without the works of peace;
No mark of millions in the gulf absorpt
Of uncreating Vice, none but the rage
Of rous'd Corruption still demanding more:
That very portion which (by faithful skill
Employ'd) might make the smiling public rear

Her ornamented head, drill'd thro' the hands
Of mercenary tools, serves but to nurse
A locust-band within, and in the bud
Leaves starv'd each work of dignity and use.
I paint the worst: but should these times arrive,
If any nobler passion yet remain,
Let all my sons all parties fling aside,
Despise their nonsense, and together join;
Let Worth and Virtue, scorning low despair,
Exerted full, from every quarter shine,
Commix'd in heightened blaze. Light flash'd to light,
Moral, or intellectual, more intense
By giving glows. As on pure winter's eve,
Gradual, the stars effulge, fainter, at first,
They, straggling, rise; but when the radiant host
In thick profusion pour'd, shine out immense,
Each casting vivid influence on each,
From pole to pole a glittering deluge plays,
And worlds above rejoice, and men below.
But why to Britons this superfluous strain?---
Good-nature, honest truth, even somewhat blunt,
Of crooked baseness an indignant scorn,
A zeal unyielding in their country's cause,
And ready bounty, wont to dwell with them---
Nor only wont---Wide o'er the land diffus'd,
In many a blest retirement still they dwell.
To softer prospect turn we now the view,
To laurell'd Science, Arts, and Public Works.

That lend my finish'd fabric comely pride,
Grandeur and grace. Of sullen genius he!
Curs'd by the Muses! by the Graces loath'd!
Who deems bene th the Public's high regard
These last enlivening touches of my reign.
However puff'd with power, and gorg'd with wealth,
A nation be! let trade enormous rise,
Let East and South their mingled treasure pour,
Till, swell'd impetuous, the corrupting flood
Burst o'er the City and devour the land;
Yet these neglected, these recording Arts,
Wealth rots, a nuisance; and, oblivious sunk,
That nation must another Carthage lie.
If not by them on monumental brass,
On sculptur'd marble, on the deathless page,
Impress, renown had left no trace behind;
In vain, to future times, the sage had thought,
The legislator plann'd, the hero found
A beauteous death, the patriot toil'd in vain:
Th' awarders they of Fame's immortal wreath;
They rouse Ambition, they the mind exalt,
Give great ideas, lovely forms infuse,
Delight the general eye, and drest by them,
The moral Venus glows with double charms.
Science, my close associate, still attends
Where'er I go. Sometimes in simple guise
She walks the furrow with some Consul-swain,
Whispering unletter'd wisdom to the heart,

Direct; or, sometimes, in the pompous robe
Of Fancy drest, she charms Athenian wits,
And a whole sapient city round her burns.
Then o'er her brow Minerva's terrors nod.
With Xenophon, sometimes, in dire extremes,
She breathes deliberate soul, and makes retreat*
Unequall'd glory With the Theban sage,
Epaminondas, first and best of men!
Sometimes she bids the deep-embattled host,
Above the vulgar reach resistless form'd,
March to sure conquest---never gain'd before! †
Nor on the treacherous seas of giddy state
Unskilful she, when the triumphant tide
Of high-swoln Empire wears one boundless smile,
And the gale tempts to new pursuits of fame,
Sometimes, with Scipio, she collects her sail,
And seeks the blissful shore of rural ease,
Where, but the Aonian maids, no Sirens sing:
Or should the deep-brew'd tempest muttering rise,
While rocks and shoals perfidious lurk around,
With Tully she her wide-reviving light
To senates holds, a Catiline confounds,

---

* The famous retreat of the Ten thousand was chiefly conducted by Xenophon.

† Epaminondas, after having beat the Lacedemonians and their allies, in the battle of Leuctra, made an incursion, at the head of a powerful army, into Laconia. It was now six hundred years since the Dorians had possessed this country, and in all that time the face of an enemy had not been seen within their territories. *Plutarch* in *Agesilaus.*

And saves a while from Cæsar sinking Rome.
Such the kind power whose piercing eye dissolves
Each mental fetter, and sets reason free;
For me inspiring an enlighten'd zeal,
The more tenacious as the more convinc'd
How happy Freemen, and how wretched Slaves.
To Britons not unknown, to Britons full
The goddess spreads her stores, the secret soul
That quickens Trade, the breath unseen that wafts
To them the treasures of a balanc'd world:
But finer arts (save what the Muse has sung
In daring flight, above all modern wing)
Neglected droop the head, and Public Works,
Broke by corruption into private gain,
Not ornament, disgrace; not serve, destroy.
Shall Britons, by their own joint wisdom rul'd,
Beneath one Royal head, whose vital power
Connects, enlivens, and exerts the whole;
In finer arts and public works, shall they
To Gallia yield? yield to a land that bends,
Deprest, and broke, beneath the will of one?
Of one who, should th' unkingly thirst of gold,
Or tyrant passions, or ambition, prompt,
Calls locust-armies o'er the blasted land;
Drains from its thirsty bounds the springs of wealth,
His own insatiate reservoir to fill;
To the lone desert Patriot-merit frowns,
Or into dungeons Arts, when they their chains,
Indignant, bursting, for their nobler works

All other licence scorn but Truth's and Mine.
Oh! shame to think! shall Britons, in the field
Unconquer'd still, the better laurel lose?
Even in that monarch's reign * who vainly dreamt,
By giddy power betray'd, and flatter'd pride,
To grasp unbounded sway; while, swarming round,
His armies dar'd all Europe to the field;
To hostile hands while treasure flow'd profuse,
And, that great source of treasure, subjects' blood,
Inhuman squander'd, sicken'd every land;
From Britain, chief, while my superior sons,
In vengeance rushing, dash'd his idle hopes,
And bade his agonizing heart be low;
Even then, as in the golden calm of peace!
What Public Works, at home, what Arts arose!
What various Science shone! what Genius glow'd!
'Tis not for me to paint, diffusive shot
O'er fair extents of land, the shining Road;
The flood-compelling Arch; the long Canal †
Thro' mountains piercing and uniting seas;
The Dome ‡ resounding sweet with infant joy,
From Famine sav'd, or cruel-handed Shame.
And that where Valour counts his noble scars; ‡
The land where social pleasure loves to dwell,
Of the fierce demon, Gothic Duel, freed;
The Robber from his furthest forest chas'd;

* Lewis XIV. † The Canal of Languedoc.
‡ The hospitals for Foundlings and Invalids.

The turbid city clear'd, and, by degrees,
Into ure peace the best Police refin'd,
Ma ificence, and grace, and decent joy.
Let Gallic bards record how honour'd Arts
And Science, by despotic bounty bless'd,
At distance flourish'd from my parent-eye;
Restoring ancient taste how Boileau rose;
How the big Roman soul shook, in Corneille,
The trembling stage; in elegant Racine,
How the more powerful tho' more humble voice
Of Nature-painting Greece resistless breath'd
The whole-awake n'd heart; how Moliere's scene,
Chastis'd and regular, with well-judg'd wit,
Not scatter'd wild, and native humour, grac'd,
Was life itself; to public honours rais'd,
How learning in warm seminaries * spread;
And, more for glory than the small reward,
How Emulation strove; how their pure tongue
Almost obtain'd what was deny'd their arms;
From Rome, awhile, how Painting, courted long,
With Poussin came; ancient Design, that lifts
A fairer front, and looks another soul;
How the kind Art † that, of unvalu'd price,
The fam'd and only picture easy gives,
Refin'd her touch, and thro' the shadowed piece,
All the liv'd spirit of the painter pour'd;

* The academies of Sciences, of the Belles Lettres, and of Painting. † Engraving.

Coyest of arts, how Sculpture northward deign'd
A look, and bade her Girardon arise;
How lavish Grandeur blaz'd the barren waste,
Astonish'd, saw the sudden palace swell,
And fountains spout amid its arid shades;
For leagues, bright vistas opening to the view,
How forests in majestic gardens smil'd;
How menial Arts, by their gay sisters taught,
Wove the deep flower, the blooming foliage train'd
In joyous figures o'er the silky lawn,
The palace cheer'd, illum'd the story'd wall,
And with the pencil vied the glowing loom.*
These laurels, Louis! by the droppings rais'd
Of thy profusion, its dishonour shade,
And green thro' future times shall bind thy brow,
While the vain honours of perfidious war
Wither abhorr'd, or in oblivion lost.
With what prevailing vigour had they shot,
And stole a deeper root, by the full tide
Of war-sunk millions fed? Superior still,
How had they branch'd luxuriant to the skies,
In Britain planted, by the potent juice
Of Freedom swell'd? Forc'd is the bloom of Arts,
A false uncertain spring when Bounty gives,
Weak without me, a transitory gleam.
Fair shine the slippery days, enticing skies
Of favour smile, and courtly breezes blow,

---

* The tapestry of the Gobelins.

Till Arts, betray'd, trust to the flattering air
Their tender blossom; then malignant rise
The blights of Envy, of those insect-clouds
That, blasting merit, often cover courts:
Nay, should, perchance, some kind Mæcenas aid
The doubtful beamings of his prince's soul,
His wav'ring ardour fix, and unconfin'd
Diffuse his warm beneficence around;
Yet death, at last, and wintry tyrants, come,
Each sprig of genius killing at the root:
But when with me imperial Bounty joins,
Wide o'er the public blows eternal spring,
While mingled autumn every harvest pours
Of every land; whate'er Invention, Art,
Creating Toil, and Nature, can produce.
Here ceas'd the goddess, and her ardent wings,
Dipt in the colours of the heavenly bow,
Stood waving radiance round, for sudden flight
Prepar'd, when thus, impatient, burst my prayer:
" Oh! forming light of life! Oh! better sun!
" Sun of mankind! by whom the cloudy north,
" Sublim'd, not envies Languedocian skies,
" That unstain'd ether all, diffusive smile,
" When shall we call these ancient laurels ours?
" And when thy work complete?" Straight with her hand,
Celestial red she touch'd my darken'd eyes:
As at the touch of day the shades dissolve,
So quick, methought, the misty circle clear'd,

That dims the dawn of being here below;
The future shone disclos'd, and in long view,
Bright rising eras instant rush'd to light.
" They come! great Goddess! I the times behold,
" The times our fathers, in the bloody field,
" Have earn'd so dear, and, not with less renown,
" In the warm struggles of the Senate-fight:
" The times I see! whose glory to supply,
" For toiling ages, Commerce round the world
" Has wing'd unnumber'd sails, and from each land
" Materials heap'd that, well employ'd, with Rome
" Might vie our grandeur, and with Greece our art.
" Lo! princes I behold, contriving still,
" And still conducting firm some brave design;
" Kings! that the narrow joyless circle scorn,
" Burst the blockade of false designing men,
" Of treacherous smiles, of adulation fell,
" And of the blinding clouds around them thrown,
" Their court rejoicing millions; worth alone,
" And virtue, dear to them; their best delight,
" In just proportion to give general joy;
" Their jealous care thy kingdom to maintain;
" The public glory theirs; unsparing love
" Their endless treasure; and, their deeds their praise,
" With thee they work. Nought can resist your force;
" Life feels it quickening in her dark retreats:
" Strong spar'd the blooms of Genius, Science, Art;
" His bashful bonds disclosing Merit breaks;

" And, big with fruits of glory, Virtue blows
" Expansive o'er the land. Another race
" Of generous youth, of patriot sires, I see!
" Not those vain insects fluttering in the blaze
" Of court, and ball, and play; those venal souls,
" Corruption's veteran unrelenting bands,
" That, to their vices slaves, can ne'er be free.
" I see the fountain's purg'd, whence life derives
" A clear or turbid flow; see the young mind
" Not fed impure by Chance, by Flattery fool'd,
" Or by scholastic jargon bloated proud,
" But fill'd and nourish'd by the light of Truth:
" Then, beam'd thro' fancy the refining ray,
" And pouring on the heart, the passions feel
" At once informing light and moving flame;
" Till moral, public, graceful action, crowns
" The whole. Behold! the fair contention glows,
" In all that mind or body can adorn,
" And form to life. Instead of barren heads,
" Barbarian pedants, wrangling sons of pride,
" And truth-perplexing metaphysic wits,
" Men, patriots, chiefs, and citizens, are form'd.
" Lo! Justice, like the liberal light of Heaven,
" Unpurchas'd shines on all, and from her beam,
" Appalling guilt, retire the savage crew
" That prowl amid the darkness they themselves
" Have thrown around the laws. Oppression grieves;
" See how her legal Furies bite the lip,

" While Yorks and Talbots their deep snares detect,
" And seize swift Justice thro' the clouds they raise.
" See! social Labour lifts his guarded head,
" And men not yield to government in vain.
" From the sure land is rooted ruffian Force,
" And, the lewd nurse of villains, idle Waste. [bowl,
" Lo! raz'd their haunts, down dash'd their maddening
" A nation's poison! beauteous Order reigns!
" Manly Submission, unimposing Toil,
" Trade without guile, Civility that marks,
" From the foul herd of brutal slaves, thy sons,
" And fearless Peace. Or should affronting War
" To slow but dreadful vengeance rouse the just,
" Unfailing fields of Freemen I behold!
" That know, with their own proper arm, to guard
" Their own blest Isle against a leaguing world.
" Despairing Gaul her boiling youth restrains,
" Dissolv'd her dream of universal sway.
" The winds and seas are Britain's wide domain,
" And not a sail, but by permission, spreads.
" Lo! swarming southward on rejoicing suns,
" Gay Colonies extend, the calm retreat
" Of undeserv'd Distress, the better home
" Of those whom bigots chase from foreign lands:
" Not built on rapine, servitude, and woe,
" And in their turn some petty tyrant's prey;
" But bound by social Fredom, firm they rise;
" Such as, of late, an Oglethorpe has form'd,

" And, crowding round, the charm'd Savannah sees.
" Horrid with want and misery, no more
" Our streets the tender passenger afflict;
" Nor shivering Age, nor Sickness, without friend,
" Or home, or bed, to bear his burning load,
" Nor agonizing Infant, that ne'er earn'd
" Its guiltless pangs: I see the stores profuse,
" Which British bounty has to these assign'd,
" No more the sacrilegious riot swell
" Of Cannibal devourers! Right apply'd,
" No starving wretch the land of Freedom stains:
" If poor, employment finds; if old, demands,
" If sick, if maim'd, his miserable due;
" And will, if young, repay the fondest care.
" Sweet sets the sun of stormy life, and sweet
" The morning shines, in Mercy's dews array'd.
" Lo! how they rise! these families of Heaven!
" That! chief,* (but why--ye bigots!---why so late?)
" Where blooms and warbles glad a rising age:
" What smiles of praise! and, while their song ascends,
" The listening seraph lays his lute aside.
" Hark! the gay Muses raise a nobler strain,
" With active Nature, warm impassion'd truth,
" Engaging fable, lucid order, notes
" Of various string, and heart felt image, fil'd.
" Behold! I see the dread delightful school

* An hospitable for Foundlings.

" Of temper'd passions, and of polish'd life,
" Restor'd. Behold! the well dissembled scene
" Calls from embellish'd eyes the lovely tear,
" Or lights up mirth in modest cheeks again.
" Lo! vanish'd Monster land; lo! driven away
" Those that Apollo's sacred walks profane,
" Their wild creation scatter'd, where a world
" Unknown to Nature, chaos more confus'd,
" O'er the brute scene its Ouran-Outangs* pours;
" Detested forms! that, on the mind imprest,
" Corrupt, confound, and barbarize an age.
" Behold! all thine again the sister-arts,
" Thy Graces they, knit in harmonious dance:
" Nurs'd by the treasure from a nation drain'd
" Their works to purchase, they to nobler rouze
" Their untam'd genius, their unfetter'd thought;
" Of pompous tyrants, and of dreaming Monks,
" The gaudy tools and prisoners no more.
" Lo! numerous domes at Burlington confess.
" For kings and senates fit, the Palace see!
" The temple, breathing a religious awe:
" Ev'n fram'd with elegance, the plain retreat,
" The private dwelling. Certain in his aim,
" Taste, never idly working, saves expence.
" See! Sylvan scenes, where art, alone, pretends

* A creature which, of all brutes, most resembles man. See Dr. Tyson's treatise on this animal.

" To dress her mistress, and disclose her charms,
" Such as a Pope in miniature has shown,
" A Bathurst o'er the widening forest * spreads,
" And such as form a Richmond, Chiswick, Stowe.
" August, around, what public works I see!
" Lo! stately streets; lo! squares that court the breeze,
" In spite of those to whom pertains the care,
" Ingulfing more than founded Roman ways.
" Lo! ray'd from cities o'er the brighten'd land,
" Connecting sea to sea, the solid road.
" Lo! the proud arch (no vile exactor's stand)
" With easy sweep bestrides the chasing flood,
" See! long canals, and deepened rivers join
" Each part with each, and with the circling main
" The whole enliven'd isle. Lo! Ports expand,
" Free as the winds and waves, their sheltering arms,
" Lo! streaming comfort o'er the troubled deep,
" On every pointed coast the Lighthouse tow'rs;
" And, by the broad imperious Mole repell'd,
" Hark! how the baffled storm indignant roars."
As thick to view these varied wonders rose,
Shook all my soul with transport: unassur'd,
The Vision broke, and on my waking eye
Rush'd the still ruins of dejected Rome.

* Okely woods, near Cirencester.

THE

CASTLE OF INDOLENCE,

AN ALEGORICAL POEM.

IN TWO CANTOS.

Advertisement.

THIS Poem being writ in the manner of Spenser, the obsolete words, and a simplicity of diction in some of the lines, which borders on the ludicrous, were necessary to make the imitation more perfect; and the style of that admirable Poet, as well as the measure in which he wrote, are, as it were, appropriated, by custom, to all allegorical poems writ in our language; just as, in French, the style of Marot, who lived under Francis I. has been used in tales and familiar epistles, by the politest writers of the age of Louis XIV.

EXPLANATION

OF THE

OBSOLETE WORDS USED IN THIS POEM.

ARCHIMAGE--the chief, or greatest of magicians or enchanters.

Apaid---paid.

Appal---affright.

Atween---between.

Ay---always.

Bale---sorrow, trouble, misfortune.

Benempt---named.

Blazon---painting, displaying.
Breme---cold, raw.
Carol---to sing songs of joy.
Caurus---the north-east wind.
Certes---certainly.
Dan---a word prefixed to names.
Deftly---skilfully.
Depainted---painted.
Drowsy-head----drowsyness.
Eath---easy.
Eftsoons---immediately, often, afterwards.
Eke---also.
Fays---Fairies.
Gear, or *Geer*---furniture, equipage, dress.
Glaive---sword. (Fr.)
Glee---joy, pleasure.
Han---have.
High---named, called; and sometimes it is used for *is called*. See Stanza vii.
Idless---idleness.
Imp.---child, or offspring; from the Saxon *impan*, to graft or plant.
Kest---for cast.
Lad---for led.
Lea---a piece of land, or meadow.
Libbard---leopard.
Lig---to lie.
Losel---a loose idle fellow.
Louting---bowing, bending.
Lithe---loose, lax.
Mell---mingle.
Moe---more.
Moil---to labour.
Mote---might.
Muckle, or *Mockle*---much, great.
Nathless---nevertheless.
Ne---nor.
Needments---necessaries.
Noursling---a child that is nursed.
Noyance---harm.
Prankt---coloured, adorned gaily.

Perdie (Fr. par Dieu) an old oath.

Prick'd thro' the forest---rode thro' the forest.

Sear---dry, burnt up.

Sheen---bright, shining.

Sicker---sure, surely.

Soot---sweet, or sweetly.

Sooth---true, or truth.

Stound----misfortune, pang.

Swelt'ry---sultry, consuming with heat.

Swink---to labour.

Smackt---savoured.

Thrall---slave.

Transmew'd----transformed.

Vild---vile.

Unkempt (*Lat.* incomptus) unadorned.

Ween----to think, be of opinion.

Weet---to know, to weet, to wit.

Whilom---ere-while, formerly.

Wight---man,

Wis, for *wist*---to know, think, understand.

Wonne (*a noun*) dwelling.

Wroke---wreakt.

N. B. *The letter* Y *is frequently placed in the beginning of a word by Spenser, to lengthen it a syllable, and* en *at the end of a word, for the same reason, as* withouten, casten, *&c.*

Y*born*---born.

Y*blent*, or *blent*---blended, mingled.

Y*clad*---clad.

Y*cleped*---called, named.

Y*fere*---together.

Y*molten*---melted.

Y*ode* (preter tense of *yede*) went,

THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

CANTO I.

The Castle high of Indolence,
And its false luxury,
Where for a little time, alas!
We liv'd right jollily.

I.

O MORTAL man! who livest here by toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard estate;
That like an emmet thou must ever moil,
Is a sad sentence of an ancient date:
And, certes, there is for it reason great;
For tho' sometimes it makes thee weep and wail,
And curse thy star, and early drudge and late,
Withouten that would come an heavier bale,
Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

II.

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
With woody hill o'er hill encompass'd round,
A most enchanting wizard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more fell is no where found.
It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground;
And there a season atween June and May,
Half prankt with spring, with summer half imbrown'd,
A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
No living wight could work, ne cared even for play.

III.

Was nought around but images of rest,
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between,
And flowery beds that slumbrous influence kest
From poppies breath'd and beds of pleasant green,
Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
Mean time unnumber'd glittering streamlets play'd,
And hurled every where their waters sheen,
That, as they bicker'd thro' the sunny glade,
Tho' restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.

IV.

Join'd to the prattle of the purling rills
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
And flocks loud-bleating from the distant hills,
And vacant shepherds piping in the dale;
And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,
Or stock-doves plain amid the forest deep,
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale;
And still a coil the grasshopper did keep;
Yet all these sounds yblent inclined all to sleep.

V.

Full in the passage of the vale, above,
A sable, silent, solemn, forest stood,
Where nought but shadowy forms was seen to move,
As idless fancy'd in her dreaming mood;
And up the hills, on either side, a wood
Of blacke ing pines, ay waving to and fro,
Sent forth a sleepy horror thro' the blood;

And where this valley winded out, below,
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard
[to flow.

VI.

A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye,
And of gay Castles in the cloud that pass,
For ever flushing round a summer sky;
There eke the soft delights, that witchingly
Instil a wanton sweetness thro' the breast,
And the calm pleasures, always hover'd nigh;
But whate'er smack'd of noyance or unrest
Was far, far off expell'd from this delicious nest.

VII.

The landscape such, inspiring perfect ease,
Where Indolence (for so the wizard hight)
Close hid his Castle mid embowering trees,
That half shut out the beams of Phœbus bright,
And made a kind of checker'd day and night;
Mean while, unceasing at the massy gate,
Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight
Was plac'd, and to his lute, of cruel fate,
And labour harsh, complain'd, lamenting man's estate.

VIII.

Thither continual pilgrims crowded still,
From all the roads of earth that pass thereby;
For as they chanc'd to breathe on neighbouring hill,
The freshness of this valley smote their eye,
And drew them ever and anon more nigh;

Till clustering round th' enchanter false they hung,
Ymolten with his syren melody,
While o'er th' infeebling lute his hand he flung,
And to th'. trembling chords these tempting verses [sung:

IX.

" Behold, ye pilgrims of this earth! behold,
" See all but man with unearn'd pleasure gay;
" See her bright robes the butterfly unfold,
" Broke from her wintry tomb in prime of May!
" What youthful bride can equal her array?
" Who can with her for easy pleasure vie?
" From mead to mead with gentle wing to stray,
" From flower to flower on balmy gales to fly,
" Is all she has to do beneath the radiant sky.

X.

" Behold the merry minstrels of the Morn,
" The swarming songsters of the careless grove,
" Ten thousand throats, that, from the flowering thorn,
" Hymn their good God, and carol sweet of love,
" Such grateful kindly raptures them emove:
" They neither plough nor sow; ne, fit for flail,
" E'er to the barn the nodden sheaves they drove,
" Yet theirs each harvest dancing in the gale,
" Whatever crowns the hill, or smiles along the vale.

XI.

" Outcast of Nature, Man! the wretched thrall
" Of bitter dropping sweat, of sweltry pain,

" Of cares that eat away thy heart with gall,
" And of the vices an inhuman train,
" That all proceed from savage thirst of gain;
" For when hard-hearted interest first began
" To poison earth, Astræa left the plain;
" Guile, violence, and murder, seiz'd on man,
" And, for soft milky streams, with blood the rivers ran.

XII.

" Come, ye! who still the cumbrous load of life
" Push hard up hill, but as the farthest steep
" You trust to gain, and put an end to strife,
" Down thunders back the stone with mighty sweep,
" And hurls your labours to the valley deep,
" For ever vain; come, and, withouten fee,
" I in oblivion will your sorrows steep,
" Your cares, your toils; will steep you in a sea
" Of full delight; O come, ye weary wights! to me.

XIII.

" With me you need not rise at early dawn,
" To pass the joyless day in various stounds;
" Or, louting low, on upstart Fortune fawn,
" And sell fair honour for some paltry pounds;
" Or thro' the city take your dirty rounds,
" To cheat, and dun, and lie, and visit pay,
" Now flattering base, now giving secret wounds;
" Or prowl in courts of law for human prey,
" In venal senate thieve, or rob on broad highway.

XIV.

" No cocks, with me, to rustic labour call,
" From village on to village sounding clear;
" To tardy swain no shrill-voic'd matrons squall;
" No dogs, no babes, no wives, to stun your ear;
" No hammers thump; no horrid blacksmith sear.
" Ne noisy tradesman your sweet slumbers start
" With sounds that are a misery to hear;
" But all is calm, as would delight the heart
" Of Sybarite of old, all Nature, and all art.

XV.

" Here nought but Candour reigns, indulgent Ease,
" Good-natur'd Lounging, sauntering up and down:
" They who are pleas'd themselves must alway splease;
" On others' ways they never squint a frown,
" Nor heeds what haps in hamlet or in town:
" Thus, from the source of tender indolence,
" With milky blood the heart is overflown,
" Is sooth'd and sweeten'd by the social sense;
" For interest, envy, pride, and strife, are banish'd [hence.

XVI.

" What, what is virtue, but repose of mind,
" A pure ethereal calm, that knows no storm,
" Above the reach of wild Ambition's wind,
" Above those passions that this world deform,
" And torture man, a proud malignant worm?
" But here, instead, soft gales of passion play,
" And gently stir the heart, thereby to form

" A quicker sense of joy, as breezes stray
" Across th' enliven'd skies, and make them still more [gay.

XVII.

" The best of men have ever lov'd repose;
" They hate to mingle in the filthy fray,
" Where the soul sowrs, and gradual rancour grows;
" Imbitter'd more from peevish day to day.
" Even those whom Fame has lent her fairest ray,
" The most renown'd of worthy wights of yore,
" From a base world at last have stol'n away:
" So Scipio, to the soft Cumæan shore
" Retiring, tasted joy he never knew before.

XVIII.

" But if a little exercise you chuse,
" Some zest for ease, 'tis not forbidden here;
" Amid the groves you may indulge the Muse,
" Or tend the blooms, and deck the vernal year;
" Or, softly stealing, with your watry gear,
" Along the brooks, the crimson spotted fry
" You may delude; the whilst, amus'd, you hear
" Now the hoarse stream, and now the zephyr's sigh,
" Attuned to the birds and woodlands melody.

XIX.

" O grievous folly! to heap up estate,
" Losing the days you see beneath the sun;
" When, sudden, comes blind unrelenting Fate,
" And gives th' untasted portion you have won,
" With ruthless toil, and many a wretch undone,

" To those who mock you gone to Pluto' reign,
" There with sad ghosts to pine and shadows dun:
" But sure it is of vanities most vain,
" To toil for what you here untoiling may obtain."

XX.

He ceas'd: but still their trembling ears retain'd
The deep vibrations of his witching song,
That, by a kind of magic power, constrain'd
To enter in, pell-mell, the listening throng.
Heaps pour'd on heaps, and yet they slipt along,
In silent ease: as when beneath the beam
Of summer-moons, the distant woods among,
Or by some flood all silver'd with the gleam,
The soft-embodied Fays thro' airy portal stream.

XXI.

By the smooth demon so it ordered was,
And here his baneful bounty first began;
Tho' some there were who would not further pass,
And his alluring baits suspected han,
The wise distrust the too-fair spoken man.
Yet thro' the gate they cast a wishful eye:
Not to move on, perdie, is all they can;
For do their very best they cannot fly,
But often each way look, and often sorely sigh.

XXII.

When this the watchful wicked wizard saw,
With sudden spring he leap'd upon them strait,
And soon as touch'd by his unhallow'd paw,

They found themselves within the cursed gate,
Full hard to be repass'd, like that of Fate.
Not stronger were of old the giant crew,
Who sought to pull high Jove from regal state;
Tho' feeble wretch he seem'd, of sallow hue,
Certes, who bides his grasp will that encounter rue.

XXIII.

For whomsoe'er the villain takes in hand,
Their joints unknit, their sinews melt apace,
As lithe they grow as any willow wand,
And of their vanish'd force remains no trace:
So when a maiden fair, of modest grace,
In all her buxom blooming May of charms,
Is seiz'd in some losel's hot embrace,
She waxeth very weakly as she warms,
Then, sighing, yields her up to love's delicious harms.

XXIV.

Wak'd by the crow'd, slow from his bench arose
A comely full-spread porter, swoln with sleep,
His calm, broad, thoughtless, aspect breath'd repose,
And in sweet torpor he was plunged deep,
Ne could himself from ceaseless yawning keep;
While o'er his eyes the drowsy liquor ran,
Thro' which his half-wak'd soul would faintly peep,
Then taking his black staff he call'd his man,
And rous'd himself as much as rouse himself he can.

XXV.

The lad leap'd lightly at his master's call;
He was, to wee[illegible], a little roguish page,

Save sleep and play who minded nought at all,
Like most the untaught striplings of his age.
This boy he kept each band to disengage,
Garters and buckles, task for him unfit,
But ill-becoming his grave personage,
And which his portly paunch would not permit,
So this same limber page to all performed it.

XXVI.

Mean time the master porter wide display'd
Great store of caps, of slippers, and of gowns,
Wherewith he those who enter'd in array'd,
Loose as the breeze that plays along the downs,
And waves the summer-woods when evening frowns.
O fair undress! best dress! it checks no vein,
But every flowing limb in pleasure drowns,
And heightens ease with grace. This done, right fain,
Sir Porter sat him down, and turn'd to sleep again.

XXVII.

Thus easy rob'd, they to the fountain sped,
That in the middle of the court up-threw
A stream, high spouting from its liquid bed,
And falling back again in drizzly dew;
There each deep draughts, as deep he thirsted, drew.
It was a fountain of Nepenthe rare,
Whence, as Dan Homer sings, huge pleasaunce grew,
And sweet oblivion of vile earthly care;
Fair gladsome waking thoughts, and joyous dreams more fair.

XXVIII.

This rite perform'd, all inly pleas'd and still,
Withouten tromp, was proclamation made:
" Ye sons of Indolence! do what you will,
" And wander where you list, thro' hall or glade;
" Be no man's pleasure for another staid!
" Let each as likes him best his hours employ,
" And curs'd be he who minds his neighbour's trade!
" Here dwells kind Ease and unreproving Joy:
" He little merits bliss who others can annoy."

XXIX.

Strait of these endless numbers, swarming round,
As thick as idle motes in sunny ray,
Not one eftsoons in view was to be found,
But every man stroll'd off his own glad way;
Wide o'er this ample court's blank area,
With all the lodges that thereto pertain'd,
No living creature could be seen to stray,
While solitude and perfect silence reign'd,
So that to think you dreamt you almost was constrain'd.

XXX.

As when a shepherd of the Hebride isles, *
Plac'd far amid the melancholy main,
(Whether it be lone fancy him beguiles,
Or that aërial beings sometimes deign
To stand embodied to our senses plain)

* Those islands on the Western coast of Scotland called the Hebrides.

Sees on the naked hill or valley low,
The whilst in ocean Phœbus dips his wain,
A vast assembly moving to and fro,
Then all at once in air dissolves the wondrous show.

XXXI.

Ye Gods of Quiet, and of Sleep profound!
Whose soft dominion o'er this Castle sways,
And all the widely-silent places round,
Forgive me, if my trembling pen displays
What never yet was sung in mortal lays.
But how shall I attempt such arduous string,
I who have spent my nights and nightly days
In this soul-deadening place, loose-loitering?
Ah! how shall I for this uprear my moulted wing?

XXXII.

Come on, my Muse! nor stoop to low despair,
Thou imp of Jove! touch'd by celestial fire,
Thou yet shalt sing of war and actions fair,
Which the bold sons of Britain will inspire;
Of ancient bards thou yet shalt sweep the lyre;
Thou yet shalt tread in Tragic pall the stage,
Paint love's enchanting woes, the hero's ire,
The sage's calm, the patriot's noble rage,
Dashing corruption down thro' every worthless age.

XXXIII.

The doors, that knew no shrill alarming bell,
Ne cursed knocker ply'd by villain's hand,
Self-open'd into halls, where who can tell

What elegance and grandeur wide expand,
The pride of Turkey and of Persia land?
Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets spread,
And couches stretch'd around in seemly band,
And endless pillows rise to prop the head,
So that each spacious room was one full-swelling bed.

XXXIV.

And every where huge cover'd tables stood,
With wines high flavour'd and rich viands crown'd;
Whatever sprightly juice or tasteful food
On the green bosom of this earth are found,
And all old Ocean genders in his round:
Some hand unseen these silently display'd,
Even undemanded, by a sign or sound;
You need but wish, and, instantly obey'd,
Fair rang'd the dishes rose, and thick the glasses play'd.

XXXV.

Here Freedom reign'd without the least alloy;
Nor gossip's tale, nor ancient maiden's gall,
Nor saintly Spleen, durst murmur at our joy,
And with envenom'd tongue our pleasures pall.
For why? there was but one great rule for all;
To wit, that each should work his own desire,
And eat, drink, study, sleep, as it may fall,
Or melt the time in love, or wake the lyre,
And carol what, unbid, the Muses might inspire.

XXXVI.

The rooms with costly tapestry were hung,
Where was inwoven many a gentle tale,

Such as of old the rural poets sung,
Or of Arcadian or Sicilian vale;
Reclining lovers, in the lonely dale,
Pour'd forth at large the sweetly-tortur'd heart,
Or, sighing tender passion, swell'd the gale,
And taught charm'd Echo to resound their smart,
While flocks, woods, streams, around, repose and peace impart.

XXXVII.

Those pleas'd the most where, by a cunning hand,
Depainted was the Patriarchal age,
What time Dan Abraham left the Chaldee land,
And pastur'd on from verdant stage to stage,
Where fields and fountains fresh could best engage
Toil was not then. Of nothing took they heed,
But with wild beasts the sylvan war to wage,
And o'er vast plains their herds and flocks to feed:
Blest sons of Nature they! true Golden Age indeed!

XXXVIII.

Sometimes the pencil, in cool airy halls,
Bade the gay bloom of vernal landscapes rise,
Or autumn's varied shades imbrown the walls:
Now the black tempest strikes th' astonish'd eyes;
Now down the steep the flashing torrent flies;
The trembling sun now plays o'er ocean blue,
And now rude mountains frown amid the skies:
Whate'er Lorrain light-touch'd with softening hue,
Or savage Rosa dash'd, or learned Poussin drew.

XXXIX.

Each sound, too, here to languishment inclin'd,
Lull'd the weak bosom, and induced ease;
Aërial music in the warbling wind,
At distance rising oft', by small degrees,
Nearer and nearer came, till o'er the trees
It hung, and breath'd such soul-dissolving airs
As did, alas! with soft perdition please:
Entangled deep in its enchanting snares,
The listening heart forgot all duties and all cares.

XL.

A certain music, never known before,
Here lull'd the pensive melancholy mind;
Full easily obtain'd. Behoves no more,
But side-long, to the gently-waving wind,
To lay the well-tun'd instrument reclin'd,
From which, with airy-flying fingers light,
Beyond each mortal touch the most refin'd,
The god of Winds drew sounds of deep delight,
Whence, with just cause, the harp of Æolus* it hight.

XLI.

Ah me! what hand can touch the string so fine?
Who up the lofty diapasan roll
Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine,
Then let them down again into the soul?

---

* This is not an imagination of the Author, there being in fact such an instrument, called Æolus's harp, which, when placed against a little rushing or current of air, produces the effect here described.

Now rising love they fann'd; now pleasing dole
They breath'd, in tender musings, thro' the heart;
And now a graver sacred strain they stole,
As when seraphic hands an hymn impart;
Wild-warbling Nature all, above the reach of Art!

XLII.

Such the gay splendour, the luxurious state,
Of Caliphs old, who on the Tigris' shore,
In mighty Bagdat, populous and great,
Held their bright court, where was of ladies store,
And verse, love, music, still the garland wore:
When Sleep was coy, the bard, in waiting there,
Cheer'd the lone midnight with the Muse's lore,*
Composing music bade his dreams be fair,
And music lent new gladness to the morning air.

XLIII.

Near the pavilions where we slept still ran
Soft-tinkling streams, and dashing waters fell,
And sobbing breezes sigh'd, and oft' began
(So work'd the wizard) wintry storms to swell,
As heaven and earth they would together mell:
At doors and windows, threat'ning, seem'd to call
The demons of the tempest, growling fell,
Yet the least entrance found they none at all,
Whence sweeter grew our sleep, secure in massy hall.

* The Arabian Caliphs had poets among the officers of their court, whose office it was to do what is here mentioned.

XLIV.

And hither Morpheus sent his kindest dreams,
Raising a world of gayer tinct and grace,
O'er which were shadowy cast Elysian gleams,
That play'd, in waving lights, from place to place,
And shed a roseate smile on Nature's face.
Not Titan's pencil e'er could so array,
So fleece with clouds the pure ethereal space;
Ne could it e'er such melting forms display,
As loose on flowery beds all languishingly lay.

XLV.

No, fair Illusions! artful Phantoms, no!
My Muse will not attempt your Fairy-land:
She has no colours that like you can glow;
To catch your vivid scenes too gross her hand.
But sure it is, was ne'er a subtler band
Than these same guileful angel-seeming sprights,
Who thus in dreams, voluptuous, soft, and bland,
Pour'd all th' Arabian heaven upon our nights,
And bless'd them oft' besides with more refin'd de-

XLVI. [lights.

They were in sooth a most enchanting train,
Even feigning virtue; skilful to unite
With evil good, and strew with pleasure pain:
But for those fiends whom blood and broils delight,
Who hurl the wretch, as if to hell outright,
Down, down black gulfs, where sullen waters sleep,
Or hold him clambering all the fearful night

On beetling cliffs, or pent in ruins deep,
They, till due time shall serve, were bid far hence to [keep.

XLVII.

Ye guardian Spirits! to whom man is dear,
From these foul demons shield the midnight gloom:
Angels of Fancy and of Love! be near,
And o'er the blank of sleep diffuse a bloom:
Evoke the sacred shades of Greece and Rome,
And let them virtue with a look impart;
But chief a while, O! lend us from the tomb
Those long-lost friends for whom in love we smart,
And fill with pious awe and joy-mixt woe the heart.

XLVIII.

Or are you sportive?---Bid the morn of youth
Rise to new light, and beam afresh the days
Of innocence, simplicity, and truth,
To cares estrang'd, and manhood's thorny ways.
What transport, to retrace our boyish plays,
Our easy bliss, when each thing joy supply'd,
The woods, the mountains, and the warbling maze
Of the wild brooks!---But, fondly wand'ring wide,
My Muse! resume the task that yet doth thee abide.

XLIX.

One great amusement of our household was,
In a huge crystal magic globe to spy,
Still as you turn'd it, all things that do pass,
Upon this ant-hill earth! where constantly
Of idly-busy men the restless fry

Run bustling to and fro with foolish haste,
In search of pleasures vain that from them fly,
Or, which obtain'd, the caitiffs dare not taste:
When nothing is enjoy'd, can there be greater waste?

L.

Of Vanity the Mirrour this was call'd.
Here you a muck-worm of the town might see,
At his dull desk, amid his legers stall'd,
Ate up with carking care and penury,
Most like to carcase parch'd on gallow-tree.
"A penny saved is a penny got;"
Firm to this scoundrel-maxim keepeth he,
Ne of its rigour will he bate a jot,
Till it has quench'd his fire and banished his pot.

LI.

Strait from the filth of this low grub, behold!
Comes fluttering forth a gaudy spendthrift heir,
All glossy gay, enamell'd all with gold,
The silly tenant of the summer-air,
In folly lost, of nothing takes he care;
Pimps, lawyers, stewards, harlots, flatterers vile,
And thieving tradesmen, him among them share;
His father's ghost from Limbo-like, the while,
Sees this, which more damnation doth upon him pile.

LII.

This globe pourtray'd the race of learned men
Still at their books, and turning o'er the page
Backwards and forwards: oft' they snatch the pen,

As if inspir'd, and in a Thespian rage,
Then write, and blot, as would your ruth engage.
Why, Authors! all this scrawl and scribbling sore?
To lose the present, gain the future age,
Praised to be when you can hear no more,
And much enrich'd with fame when useless worldly [store?

LIII.

Then would a splendid city rise to view,
With carts, and cars, and coaches, roaring all:
Wide pour'd abroad behold the giddy crew,
See how they dash along from wall to wall:
At every door, hark how they thundering call!
Good Lord! what can this giddy rout excite?
Why, on each other with fell tooth to fall,
A neighbour's fortune, fame, or peace, to blight,
And make new tiresome parties for the coming night.

LIV.

The puzzling sons of Party next appear'd,
In dark cabals and nightly juntos met,
And now they whisper'd close, now shrugging rear'd
Th' important shoulder; then, as if to get
New light, their twinkling eyes were inward set.
No sooner Lucifer * recalls affairs,
Than forth they various rush in mighty fret;
When, lo! push'd up to power, and crown their cares,
In comes another set, and kicketh them down stairs.

---

* The morning star.

LV.

But what most shew'd the vanity of life,
Was to behold the nations all on fire,
In cruel broils engag'd, and deadly strife,
Most Christian kings, inflam'd by black desire,
With honourable ruffians in their hire,
Cause war to rage, and blood around to pour:
Of this sad work when each begins to tire,
They sit them down just where they were before,
Till for new scenes of woe peace shall their force re-

LVI. [store.

To number up the thousands dwelling here,
An useless were, and, eke, and endless task,
From kings, and those who at the helm appear,
To gipsies brown in summer-glades who bask.
Yea many a man, perdie, I could unmask,
Whose desk and table make a solemn show,
With tape-ty'd trash, and suits of fools that ask
For place or pension laid in decent row;
But these I passen by, with nameless numbers moe.

LVII.

Of all the gentle tenants of the place,
There was a man of special grave remark;
A certain tender gloom o'erspread his face,
Pensive, not sad; in thought involv'd, not dark;
As scot this man could sing as morning lark,
And teach the noblest morals of the heart;
But these his talents were yburied stark;

Of the fine stores he nothing would impart
Which or boon Nature gave, or nature-painting Art.

LVIII.

To noontide shades incontinent he ran,
Where purls the brooks with sleep-inviting sound,
Or when Dan Sol to slope his wheels began,
Amid the broom he bask'd him on the ground,
Where the wild thyme and camomoil are found
There would he linger, till the latest ray
Of light sate trembling on the welkin's bound,
Then homewards thro' the twilight shadows stray,
Sauntering and slow: so had he passed many a day.

LIX.

Yet not in thoughtless slumber were they past;
For oft' the heavenly fire, that lay conceal'd
Beneath the sleeping embers, mounted fast,
And all its native light anew reveal'd;
Oft' as he travers'd the cerulean field,
And markt the clouds that drove before the wind,
Ten thousand glorious systems would he build,
Ten thousand great ideas fill'd his mind;
But with the clouds they fled, and left no trace be-

LX. [hind.

With him was sometimes join'd, in silent walk,
(Profoundly silent, for they never spoke)
One shyer still, who quite detested talk;
Oft' stung by spleen, at once away he broke,
To groves of pine and broad o'ershadowing oak;

There inly thrill'd, he wander'd all alone,
And on himself his pensive fury wroke,
Ne ever utter'd word, save when first shone
The glittering star of eve---"Thank Heaven! the day

LXI. [is done."

Here lurk'd a wretch who had not crept abroad
For forty years, ne face of mortal seen;
In chamber brooding like a loathly toad,
And sure his linen was not very clean.
Through secret loop-holes, that had practis'd been
Near to his bed, his dinner vile he took;
Unkempt, and rough, of squalid face and mien,
Our Castle's shame! whence, from his filthy nook,
We drove the villain out for fitter lair to look.

LXII.

One day there chanc'd into these halls to rove
A joyous youth, who took you at first sight;
Him the wild wave of pleasure hither drove,
Before the sprightly tempest tossing light:
Certes, he was a most engaging wight,
Of social glee, and wit humane tho' keen,
Turning the night to day and day to night:
For him the merry bells had rung, I ween,
If in this nook of quiet bells had ever been.

LXIII.

But not even pleasure to excess is good:
What most elates then sinks the soul as low,
When spring-tide joy pours in with copious flood,
The higher still th' exulting billows flow,

The farther back again they flagging go,
And leaves us grovelling on the dreary shore,
Taught by this son of Joy we found it so,
Who, whilst he staid, kept in a gay uproar
Our madden'd Castle all, th' abode of Sleep no more.

LXIV.

As when in prime of June a burnish'd fly,
Sprung from the meads, o'er which he sweeps along
Cheer'd by the breathing bloom and vital sky,
Tunes up amid these airy halls his song,
Soothing at first the gay reposing throng;
And oft' he sips their bowl; or nearly drown'd,
He, thence recovering, drives their beds among,
And scares their tender sleep, with trump profound,
Then out again he flies, to wing his mazy round.

LXV.

Another guest there was, of sense refin'd,
Who felt each worth, for every worth he had;
Serene, yet warm, humane, yet firm his mind,
As little touch'd as any man's with bad:
Him thro' their inmost walls the Muses lad,
To him the sacred love of Nature lent,
And sometimes would he make our valley glad;
Whenas we found he would not here be pent,
To him the better sort this friendly message sent:

LXVI.

" Come, dwell with us, true son of Virtue! come;
' But, if alas! we cannot thee persuade

" To lie content beneath our peaceful dome,
" Ne ever more to quit our quiet glade,
" Yet when at last thy toils, but ill apaid,
" Shall dead thy fire, and damp its heavenly spark,
" Thou wilt be glad to seek the rural shade,
" There to indulge the Muse, and Nature mark;
" We then a lodge for thee will rear in Hagley-Park."

LXVII.

Here whilom ligg'd th' Esopus* of the age,
But call'd by Fame, in soul ypricked deep,
A noble pride restor'd him to the stage,
And rous'd him like a giant from his sleep.
Even from his slumbers we advantage reap:
With double force th' enliven'd scene he wakes,
Yet quits not Nature's bounds. He knows to keep
Each due decorum. Now the heart he shakes,
And now with well-urg'd sense th' enlighten'd judgment takes.

LXVIII.

A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard beseems,
† Who, void of envy, guile, and lust of gain,
On virtue still, and Nature's pleasing themes,
Pour'd forth his unpremeditated strain:
The world forsaking with a calm disdain,
Here laugh'd he careless in his easy seat:

---

* Mr. Quin,

† The following lines of this stanza were writ by a friend of the Author.

Here quaff'd, encircled with the joyous train,
Oft' moralizing sage; his ditty sweet
He loath'd much to write, ne cared to repeat.

LXIX.

Full oft' by holy feet our ground was trod,
Of clerks good plenty here you mote espy;
A little, round, fat, oily man of God,
Was one I chiefly mark'd among the fry:
He had a roguish twinkle in his eye,
And shone all glittering with ungodly dew,
If a tight damsel chanc'd to trippen by;
Which, when observ'd, he shrunk into his mew,
And strait would recollect his piety anew.

LXX.

Nor be forgot a tribe who minded nought
(Old inmates of the place) but state-affairs;
They look'd, perdie, as if they deeply thought,
And on their brow sat every nation's cares.
The world by them is parcell'd out in shares,
When in the Hall of Smoke they congress hold,
And the sage berry sun-burnt Mocha bears
Has clear'd their inward eye: then, smoke-enroll'd,
Their oracles break forth mysterious as of old.

LXXI.

Here languid Beauty kept her pale-fac'd court:
Bevies of dainty dames, of high degree,
From every quarter hither made resort,
Where, from gross mortal care and business free,

They lay, pour'd out in ease and luxury:
Or should they a vain shew of work assume,
Alas! and well-a-day! what can it be?
To knot, to twist, to range the vernal bloom,
But far is cast the distaff, spinning-wheel, and loom.

LXXII.

Their only labour was to kill the time,
And labour dire it is, and weary woe:
They sit, they loll, turn o'er some idle rhyme,
Then, rising sudden, to the glass they go,
Or saunter forth, with tottering step and slow:
This soon too rude an exercise they find;
Strait on the couch their limbs again they throw,
Where hours on hours they sighing lie reclin'd,
And court the vapoury god soft-breathing in the wind.

LXXIII.

Now must I mark the villainy we found;
But, ah! too late, as shall eftsoons be shewn.
A place here was, deep, dreary, under ground,
Where still our inmates, when unpleasing grown,
Diseas'd, and loathsome, privily were thrown.
Far from the light of heaven, they languish'd there,
Unpity'd, uttering many a bitter groan,
For of these wretches taken was no care;
Fierce fiends and hags of hell their only nurses were.

LXXIV.

Alas! the change! from scenes of joy and rest,
To this dark den, where Sickness toss'd alway.

Here Lethargy, with deadly sleep opprest,
Stretch'd on his back, a mighty lubbard, lay
Heaving his sides, and snored night and day;
To stir him from his traunce, it was not eath,
And his half-open'd eyne he shut straitway;
He led, I wot, the softest way to death,
And taught withouten pain and strife to yield the
[breath.

LXXV.

Of limbs enormous, but withal unsound,
Soft-swoln and pale, here lay the Hydropsy:
Unwieldy man; with belly monstrous round,
For ever fed with watery supply;
For still he drank, and yet he still was dry.
And moping here did Hypochondria sit,
Mother of Spleen, in robes of various dye,
Who vexed was full oft' with ugly fit,
And some her frantic deem'd, and some her deem'd
[a wit.

LXXVI.

A lady proud she was, of ancient blood,
Yet oft' her fear, her pride made crouchen low;
She felt, or fancy'd, in her fluttering mood,
All the diseases which the Spittles know,
And sought all physic which the shops bestow,
And still new leaches and new drugs would try,
Her humour ever wavering to and fro;
For sometimes she would laugh, and sometimes cry,
Then sudden waxed wroth, and all she knew not why.

Fast by her side a listless maiden pin'd,
With aching head, and squeamish heart-burnings;
Pale, bloated, cold, she seem'd to hate mankind,
Yet lov'd in secret all forbidden things.
And here the Tertian shakes his chilling wings;
The sleepless Gout here counts the crowing cocks,
A wolf now gnaws him, now a serpent stings:
Whilst Apoplexy cramm'd Intemperance knocks
Down to the ground at once, as butcher felleth ox.

THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

CANTO II.

The Knight of Arts and Industry,
And his achievements fair,
That by his Castle's overthrow
Secur'd and crowned were.

I.

ESCAP'D the Castle of the sire of Sin,
Ah! where shall I so sweet a dwelling find?
For all around, without, and all within,
Nothing save what delightful was and kind,
Of goodness savouring and a tender mind,
E'er rose to view: but now another strain,
Of doleful note, alas! remains behind:
I now must sing of pleasure turn'd to pain,
And of the false enchanter Indolence complain.

II.

Is there no patron to protect the Muse,
And fence for her Parnassus' barren soil?
To every labour its reward accrues,
And they are sure of bread who swink and moil;
But a fell tribe th' Aonian hive despoil,
As ruthless wasps oft' rob the painful bee:
Thus while the laws not guard that noblest toil,
Ne for the Muses other meed decree,
They praised are alone, and starve right merrily.

III.

I care not, Fortune! what you me deny;
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Thro' which Aurora shews her brightening face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve;
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the great children leave:
Of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can me bereave.

IV.

Come then, my Muse! and raise a bolder song;
Come, lig no more upon the bed of sloth,
Dragging the lazy languid line along,
Fond to begin, but still to finish loath,
Thy half-writ scrolls all eaten by the moth:
Arise, and sing that generous imp of fame,
Who with the sons of Softness nobly wroth,
To sweep away this human lumber came,
Or in a chosen few to rouse the slumbering flame.

V.

In fairy-land there liv'd a knight of old,
Of feature stern, Selvaggio well yclep'd,
A rough unpolish'd man, robust and bold,
But wondrous poor: he neither sow'd nor reap'd,
Ne stores in summer for cold winter heap'd;
In hunting all his days away he wore;
Now scorch'd by June, now in November steep'd,

Now pinch'd by biting January sore,
He still in woods pursu'd the libbard and the boar.

VI.

As he one morning, long before the dawn,
Prick'd thro' the forest to dislodge his prey,
Deep in the winding bosom of a lawn,
With wood wild-fring'd, he mark'd a taper's ray,
That from the beating rain and wintry fray
Did to a lonely cot his steps decoy;
There up to earn the needments of the day,
He found Dame Poverty, nor fair nor coy;
Her he compress'd, and fill'd her with a lusty boy.

VII.

Amid the green-wood shade this boy was bred,
And grew at last a knight of muckle fame,
Of active mind and vigorous lustyhed,
The Knight of Arts and Industry by name.
Earth was his bed, the boughs his roof did frame;
He knew no beverage but the flowing stream;
His tasteful well-earn'd food the sylvan game,
Or the brown fruit with which the woodlands teem:
The same to him glad summer or the winter breme.

VIII.

So pass'd his youthly morning, void of care,
Wild as the colts that through the commons run,
For him no tender parents troubled were,
He of the forest seem'd to be the son,
And certes had been utterly undone,

But that Minerva pity of him took,
With all the gods that love the rural wonne,
That teach to tame the soil and rule the crook;
Ne did the sacred Nine disdain a gentle look.

IX.

Of fertile genius him they nurtur'd well,
In every science and in every art,
By which mankind the thoughtless brutes excel,
That can or use, or joy, or grace, impart,
Disclosing all the powers of head and heart:
Ne were the goodly exercises spar'd,
That brace the nerves, or make the limbs alert,
And mix elastic force with firmness hard,
Was never knight on ground mote be with him com-
[par'd.

X.

Sometimes, with early morn, he mounted gay
The hunter-steed, exulting o'er the dale,
And drew the roseate breath of orient day;
Sometimes retiring to the secret vale,
Yclad in steel, and bright with burnish'd mail,
He strain'd the bow, or toss'd the sounding spear;
Or darting on the goal, outstripp'd the gale;
Or wheel'd the chariot in its mid-career;
Or strenuous wrestled hard with many a tough com-
[peer.

XI.

At other times he pry'd thro' Nature's store,
Whate'er she in th' ethereal round contains,

Whate'er she hides beneath her verdant floor,
The vegetable and the mineral reigns;
Or else he scann'd the globe, those small domains,
Where restless mortals such a turmoil keep,
Its seas, its floods, its mountains, and its plains;
But more he search'd the mind, and rous'd from sleep
Those moral seeds whence we heroic actions reap.

XII.

Nor would he scorn to stoop from high pursuits
Of heavenly Truth, and practi-e what she taught.
Vain is the tree of Knowledge without fruits,
Sometimes in hand the spade or plough he caught.
Forth-calling all with which boon earth is fraught;
Sometimes he ply'd the strong mechanic tool,
Or rear'd the fabric from the finest draught;
And oft' he put himself to Neptune's school,
Fighting with winds and waves on the vext ocean pool.

XIII.

To solace then these rougher toils, he try'd
To touch the kindling canvas into life;
With Nature his creating pencil vied,
With Nature, joyous at the mimic strife:
Or, to such shapes as grac'd Pygmalion's wife
He hew'd the marble; or, with varied fire,
He rous'd the trumpet and the martial fife;
Or bade the lute sweet tenderness inspire;
Or verses fram'd that well might wake Apollo's lyre.

XIV.

Accomplish'd thus, he from the woods issu'd,
Full of great aims, and bent on bold emprize;
The work which long he in his breast had brew'd
Now to perform he ardent did devise,
To wit, a barbarous world to civilize.
Earth was till then a boundless forest wild,
Nought to be seen but savage wood and skies;
No cities nourish'd arts, no culture smil'd,
No government, no laws, no gentle manners mild.

XV.

A rugged wight, the worst of brutes was man;
On his own wretched kind he, ruthless, prey'd;
The strongest still the weakest over-ran;
In every country mighty robbers sway'd,
And guile and ruffian force were all their trade.
Life was a scene of rapine, want, and woe,
Which this brave knight, in noble anger made
To swear he would the rascal rout o'erthrow,
For, by the powers Divine, it should no more be so!

XVI.

It would exceed the purport of my song,
To say how this best sun, from orient climes
Came beaming life and beauty all along,
Before him chasing Indolence and crimes.
Still as he pass'd, the nations he sublimes,
And calls forth Arts and Virtues with his ray:
Then Egypt, Greece, and Rome, their golden times

Successive had; but now in ruins grey
They lie, to slavish sloth and tyranny a prey.

XVII.

To crown his toils, Sir Industry then spread
The swelling sail, and made for Britain's coast.
A sylvan life till then the natives led,
In the brown shades and green-wood forest lost,
All careless rambling where it lik'd them most:
Their wealth the wild deer bouncing thro' the glade;
They lodg'd at large, and liv'd at Nature's cost;
Save spear and bow, withouten other aid,
Yet not the Roman steel their naked breast dismay'd.

XVIII.

He lik'd the soil, he lik'd the clement skies,
He lik'd the verdant hills and flowery plains.
Be this my great, my chosen Isle (he cries),
This, whilst my labours Liberty sustains,
This Queen of Ocean all assault disdains.
Nor lik'd he less the genius of the land,
To freedom apt and persevering pains,
Mild to obey, and generous to command,
Temper'd by forming Heaven with kindest, firmest hand.

XIX.

Here, by degrees, his master-work arose,
Whatever Arts and Industry can frame;
Whatever finish'd Agriculture knows,
Fair Queen of arts! from heaven itself who came
When Eden flourish'd in unspotted fame:

And still with her sweet Innocence we find,
And tender Peace, and joys without a name,
That, while they ravish, tranquilize the mind:
Nature and Art at once delight and use combin'd.

XX.

Then towns he quicken'd by mechanic arts,
And bade the fervent city glow with toil;
Bade social Commerce raise renowned marts,
Join land to land, and marry soil to soil,
Unite the poles, and without bloody spoil
Bring home of either Ind the gorgeous stores;
Or, should despotic rage the world embroil,
Bade tyrants tremble on remotest shores,
While o'er the encircling deep Britannia's thunder [roars.

XXI.

The drooping Muses then he westward call'd,
From the fam'd City * by Propontic sea,
What time the Turk th' enfeebled Grecian thrall'd,
Thence from their cloister'd walks he set them free,
And brought them to another Castalie,
Where Isis many a famous nourseling breeds;
Or where old Cam soft-paces o'er the lea
In pensive mood, and turns his Doric reeds,
The whilst his flocks at large the lonely shepherd feeds.

XXII.

Yet the fine arts were what he finish'd least.
For why? they are the quintessence of all,

* Constantinople.

The growth of labouring time, and slow increast;
Unless, as seldom chances, it should fall,
That mighty patrons the coy Sisters call
Up to the sun-shine of uncumber'd ease,
Where no rude care the mounting thought may thrall,
And where they nothing have to do but please:
Ah! gracious God! thou know'st they ask no other [fees.

XXIII.

But now, alas! we live too late in time:
Our patrons now even grudge that little claim,
Except to such as sleek the soothing rhyme:
And yet, forsooth, they wear Mæcenas' name,
Poor sons of puft-up Vanity, not Fame,
Unbroken spirits cheer! still, still remains
Th' eternal patron, Liberty! whose flame,
While she protects, inspires the noblest strains,
The best, and sweetest far, are toil-created gains.

XXIV.

When as the knight had fram'd, in Britain land,
A matchless form of glorious government,
In which the sovereign laws alone command,
Laws stablish'd by the public free consent,
Whose majesty is to the sceptre lent;
When this great plan, with each dependant art,
Was settled firm, and to his heart's content,
Then sought he from the toilsome scene to part,
And let life's vacant eve breathe quiet thro' the heart.

XXV.

For this he chose a farm in Deva's vale,
Where his long allies peep'd upon the main;
In this calm seat he drew the healthful gale;
Here mix'd the chief, the patriot, and the swain,
The happy monarch of his sylvan train;
Here, sided by the guardians of the fold,
He walk'd his rounds, and cheer'd his blest domain:
His days, the days of unstain'd Nature, roll'd,
Replete with peace and joy, like patriarchs of old.

XXVI.

Witness, ye lowing herds! who gave him milk;
Witness, ye flocks! whose woolly vestments far
Exceed soft India's cotton or her silk;
Witness, with autumn charg'd, the nodding car,
That homeward came beneath sweet evening's star,
Or of September moons the radiance mild:
O hide thy head, abominable War!
Of crimes and ruffian idleness the child:
From heaven this life ysprung, from hell thy glories vild.

XXVII.

Nor from his deep retirement banish'd was
Th' amusing care of rural Industry:
Still, as with grateful change the seasons pass,
New scenes arise, new landscapes strike the eye,
And all th' enliven'd country beautify:
Gay plains extend where marshes slept before;
O'er recent meads th' exulting streamlets fly;

Dark frowning heaths grow bright with Ceres' store,
And woods imbrown the steep, or wave along the shore.

XXVIII.

As nearer to his farm you made approach,
He polish'd Nature with a finer hand:
Yet on her beauties durst not Art encroach;
'Tis Art's alone these beauties to expand.
In graceful dance immingled o'er the land,
Pan, Pales, Flora, and Pomona play'd;
Here, too, brisk gales the rude wild common fann'd,
An happy place; where free, and unafraid,
Amid the flowering brakes each coyer creature stray'd.

XXIX.

But in prime vigour what can last for ay?
That soul-enfeebling wizard Indolence,
I whilom sung, wrought in his works decay:
Spread far and wide was his curs'd influence:
Of public virtue much he dull'd the sense,
Even much of private; ate our spirit out,
And fed our rank luxurious vices: whence
The land was overlaid with many a lout!
Not, as old Fame reports, wise, generous, bold, and [stout.

XXX.

A rage of pleasure madden'd every breast;
Down to the lowest lees the ferment ran:
To his licentious wish each must be blest,
With joy be sever'd, snatch it as he can.
Thus Vice the standard rear'd; her arrier-ban

Corruption call'd, and loud she gave the word,
" Mind, mind yourselves! why should the vulgar man,
" The lacquey be more virtuous than his lord?
" Enjoy this span of life! 'tis all the gods afford."

XXXI.

The tidings reach'd to where, in quiet hall,
The good old Knight enjoy'd well-earn'd repose.
" Come, come, Sir Knight! thy children on thee call:
" Come, save us yet, ere ruin round us close!
" The demon Indolence thy toils o'erthrows."
On this the noble colour stain'd his cheeks,
Indignant, glowing through the whitening snows
Of venerable eld; his eye full-speaks
His ardent soul, and from his couch at once he breaks.

XXXII.

I will (he cry'd), so help me, God! destroy
That villain Archimage. His page then strait
He to him call'd, a fiery-footed boy,
Benempt Dispatch. " My steed be at the gate;
" My bard attend; quick, bring the net of Fate."
This net was twisted by the Sisters three,
Which when once cast o'er harden'd wretch, too late
Repentance comes: replevy cannot be
From the strong iron grasp of vengeful Destiny.

XXXIII.

He came, the bard, a little Druid wight,
Of withered aspect; but his eye was keen,
With sweetness mix'd. In russet brown bedight,

As is his sister * of the copses green,
He crept along, unpromising of mien.
Gross he who judges so. His soul was fair,
Bright as the children of yon' azure sheen.
True comeliness, which nothing can impair,
Dwells in the mind; all else is vanity and glare.

XXXIV.

Come (quoth the Knight,) a voice has reach'd mine ear:
The demon Indolence threats overthrow
To all that to mankind is good and dear:
Come, Philomelus! let us instant go,
O'erturn his bowers, and lay his Castle low.
Those men, those wretched men! who will be slaves,
Must drink a bitter wrathful cup of woe!
But some there be thy song, as from their graves,
Shall raise. Thrice happy he! who without rigour saves.

XXXV.

Issuing forth, the Knight bestrode his steed,
Of ardent bay, and on whose front a star
Shone blazing bright; sprung from the generous breed.
That whirl of active day the rapid car,
He pranc'd along, disdaining gate or bar.
Mean time the bard on milk-white palfrey rode;
An honest-sober beast, that did not mar
His meditations, but full softly trode;
And much they moraliz'd as thus yfere they yode.

---

* The nightingale.

XXXVI.

They talk'd of virtue, and of human bliss;
What else so fit for man to settle well?
And still their long researches met in this,
This truth of truths, which nothing can refel;
" From virtue's fount the purest joys out-well.
" Sweet rills of thought that cheer the conscious soul:
" While vice pours forth the troubled streams of hell,
" The which, howe'er disguis'd, at last with dole
" Will, thro' the tortur'd breast, their fiery torrent [roll."

XXXVII.

At length it dawn'd, that fatal valley gay,
O'er which high wood-crown'd hills their summits rear:
On the cool height a while our palmers stay,
And, spite even of themselves, their senses cheer;
Then to the vizard's wonne their steps they steer:
Like a green isle it broad beneath them spred,
With gardens round, and wandering currents clear,
And tufted groves to shade the meadow-bed,
Sweet airs and song; and without hurry all seem'd [glad.

XXXVIII.

" As God shall judge me, Knight! we must forgive
" (The half-enraptur'd Philomelus cry'd)
" The frail good man, deluded, here to live,
" And in these groves his musing fancy hide.
" Ah! nought is pure. It cannot be deny'd
" That virtue still some tincture has of vice,
" And vice of virtue. What should then betide,

" But that our charity be not too nice?
" Come, let us those we can to real bliss entice."

XXXIX.

" Ay, sicker (quoth the Knight,) all flesh is frail,
" To pleasant sin and joyous dalliance bent;
" But let not brutish vice of this avail,
" And think to 'scape deserved punishment.
" Justice were cruel, weakly to relent;
" From Mercy's self she got her sacred glaive;
" Grace be to those who can and will repent,
" But penance, long and dreary, to the slave,
" Who must in floods of fire his gross foul spirit lave."

XL.

Thus holding high discourse, they came to where
The cursed carle was at his wonted trade,
Still tempting heedless men into his snare,
In witching wise, as I before have said:
But when he saw, in goodly geer array'd,
The grave majestic Knight approaching nigh,
And by his side the bard so sage and staid,
His countenance fell; yet oft' his anxious eye
Mark'd them, like wily fox who roosted cock doth [spy.

XLI.

Nathless, with feign'd respect he bade give back
The rabble-rout, and welcom'd them full kind;
Struck with the noble twain, they were not slack
His orders to obey, and fall behind,
Then he resum'd his song, and, unconfin'd,

Pour'd all his music, ran thro' all his strings;
With magic dust their eyne he tries to blind,
And virtue's tender airs o'er weakness flings.
What pity base his song who so divinely sings!

XLII.

Elate in thought, he counted them his own,
They listen'd so intent with fix'd delight;
But they instead, as if transmew'd to stone,
Marvell'd he could with such sweet art unite
The lights and shades of manners, wrong and right.
Mean time the silly crowd the charm devour,
Wide pressing to the gate. Swift, on the Knight
He darted fierce, to drag him to his bower,
Who backning shunn'd his touch, for well he knew its [power.

XLIII.

As in throng'd amphitheatre, of old,
The wary Retiarius * trapp'd his foe,
Even so the Knight, returning on him bold,
At once involv'd him in the net of woe,
Whereof I mention made not long ago.
Enrag'd at first, he scorn'd so weak a jail,
And leapt, and flew, and flounced to and fro;
But when he found that nothing could avail,
He sat him felly down, and gnaw'd his bitter nail.

XLIV.

Alarm'd, th' inferior demons of the place
Rais'd rueful shrieks and hideous yells around,

* A gladiator, who made use of a net, which he threw over his adversary.

Black stormy clouds deform'd the welkin's face,
And from beneath was heard a wailing sound,
As of infernal sprights in cavern bound;
A solemn sadness every creature strook,
And lightnings flash'd, and horror rock'd the ground:
Huge crowds on crowds out pour'd with blemish'd look,
As if on time's last verge this frame of things had [shook.

XLV.

Soon as the short-liv'd tempest was yspent,
Steam'd from the jaws of vext Avernus' hole,
And hush'd the hubbub of the rabblement,
Sir Industry the first calm moment stole:
" There must (he cry'd,) amid so vast a shoal,
" Be some who are not tainted at the heart,
" Not poison'd quite by this same villain's bowl;
" Come then, my Bard! thy heavenly fire impart;
" Touch soul with soul, till forth the latent spirit [start."

XLVI.

The bard obey'd; and taking from his side,
Where it in seemly sort depending hung,
His British harp, its speaking strings he try'd,
The which with skilful touch he deftly strung,
Till tinkling in clear symphony they rung:
Then as he felt the Muses come along,
Light o'er the chords his raptur'd hand he flung,
And play'd a prelude to his rising song;
The whilst, like midnight mute, ten thousands round him throng.

XLVII.

Thus, ardent, burst his strain:---
" Ye hapless Race!
" Dire-labouring here to smother Reason's ray,
" That lights our Maker's image in our face,
" And gives us wide o'er earth unquestion'd sway,
" What is th' ador'd Supreme Perfection, say?
" What but eternal never-resting soul,
" Almighty power, and all-directing day,
" By whom each atom stirs, the planets roll:
" Who fills, surrounds, informs, and agitates the whole.

XLVIII.

" Come, to the beaming God your hearts unfold!
" Draw from its fountain life! 'Tis thence, alone,
" We can excel. Up from unfeeling mold,
" To seraphs burning round th' Almighty's throne,
" Life rising still on life, in higher tone,
" Perfection forms, and with perfection bliss.
" In universal Nature this clear shewn,
" Not needeth proof: to prove it were, I wis,
" To prove the beauteous world excels the brute abyss.

XLIX.

" Is not the field, with lively culture green,
" A sight more joyous than the dead morass?
" Do not the skies, with active ether clean,
" And fann'd by sprightly Zephyrs, far surpass
" The foul November fogs, and slumb'rous mass,
" With which sad Nature veils her drooping face?
" Does not the mountain-stream, as clear as glass,

" Gay-dancing on, the putrid pool disgrace?
" The same in all holds true, but chief in human race.

L.

" It was not by vile loitering in ease,
" That Greece obtain'd the brighter palm of art,
" That soft yet ardent Athens learn'd to please,
" To keen the wit, and to sublime the heart,
" In all supreme! complete in every part!
" It was not thence majestic Rome arose,
" And o'er the nations shook her conquering dart:
" For Sluggard's brow the laurel never grows;
" Renown is not the child of indolent Repose.

LI.

" Had unambitious mortals minded nought
" But in loose joy their time to wear away,
" Had they alone the lap of Dalliance sought,
" Pleas'd on her pillow their dull heads to lay,
" Rude Nature's state had been our state to-day;
" No cities e'er their towery fronts had rais'd,
" No arts had made us opulent and gay;
" With brother-brutes the human race had graz'd;
" None e'er had soar'd to fame, none honour'd been,

LII. [none prais'd.

" Great Homer's song had never fir'd the breast
" To thirst of glory and heroic deeds;
" Sweet Maro's Muse, sunk in inglorious rest,
" Had silent slept amid the Mincian reeds:
" The wits of modern time had told their beads,

" And Monkish legends been their only strains;
" Our Milton's Eden had lain wrapt in weeds,
" Our Shakspere stroll'd and laugh'd with Warwick
" swains,
" Ne had my master Spenser charm'd his Mulla's
LIII. [plains.
" Dumb, too, had been the sage historic Muse,
" And perish'd all the sons of ancient fame;
" Those starry lights of virtue, that diffuse
" Through the dark depth of time their vivid flame,
" Had all been lost with such as have no name.
" Who then had scorn'd his ease for others' good?
" Who then had toil'd rapacious men to tame?
" Who in the public breach devoted stood,
" And for his country's cause been prodigal of blood?

LIV.

" But should to fame your hearts unfeeling be,
" If right I read, you pleasure all require;
" Then hear how best may be obtain'd this fee,
" How best enjoy'd this Nature's wide desire.
" Toil, and be glad! let Industry inspire
" Into your quicken'd limbs her buoyant breath!
" Who does not act is dead; absorpt entire
" In miry sloth, no pride, no joy he hath:
" O leaden-hearted men, to be in love with death!

LV.

" Ah! what avail the largest gifts of Heaven,
" When drooping health and spirits go amiss?

" How tasteless then whatever can be given?
" Health is the vital principle of bliss,
" And exercise of health. In proof of this,
" Behold the wretch who slugs his life away
" Soon swallow'd in Disease's sad abyss,
" While he whom Toil has brac'd, or manly play,
" Has light as air each limb, each thought as clear [as day.

LVI.

" O who can speak the vigorous joys of health!
" Unclogg'd the body, unobscur'd the mind;
" The morning rises gay with pleasing stealth,
" The temperate evening falls serene and kind.
" In health the wiser brutes true gladness find.
" See! how the younglings frisk along the meads,
" As May comes on and wakes the balmy wind;
" Rampant with life, their joy all joy exceeds;
" Yet what but high-strung health this dancing plea- [saunce breeds?

LVII.

" But here, instead, is foster'd every ill,
" Which or distemper'd minds or bodies know.
" Come then, my kindred Spirits; do not spill
" Your talents here. This place is but a show,
" Whose charms delude you to the den of Woe:
" Come, follow me, I will direct you right,
" Where Pleasure's roses, void of serpents, grow,
" Sincere as sweet: come, follow this good Knight,
" And you will bless the day that brought him to your sight.

LVIII.

" Some he will lead to courts, and some to camps,
" To senates some, and public sage debates,
" Where, by the solemn gleam of midnight-lamps,
" The world is pois'd, and manag'd mighty states;
" To high discovery some, that new creates
" The face of earth; some to the thriving mart;
" Some to the rural reign and softer fates;
" To the sweet Muses some, who raise the heart:
" All glory shall be yours, all Nature, and all Art.

LIX.

" There are, I see, who listen to my lay,
" Who wretched sigh for virtue, but despair.
" All may be done (methinks I hear them say,)
" Even death despis'd, by generous actions fair;
" All, but for those who to these bowers repair,
" Their every power dissolv'd in luxury,
" To quit of torpid sluggishness the lair,
" And from the powerful arms of Sloth get free,
" 'Tis rising from the dead---Alas!---it cannot be!

LX.

" Would you then learn to dissipate the band
" Of these huge threat'ning difficulties dire,
" That in the weak man's way like lions stand,
" His soul appall, and damp his rising fire?
" Resolve, resolve, and to be men aspire.
" Exert that noblest privilege, alone,
" Here to mankind indulg'd; control desire;

" Let godlike Reason, from her sovereign throne,
" Speak the commanding word---I Will!---and it is
[done.

LXI.

" Heavens! can you then thus waste, in shameful wise,
" Your few important days of trial here?
" Heirs of eternity! yborn to rise
" Through endless states of being, still more near
" To bliss approaching, and perfection clear,
" Can you renounce a fortune so sublime?
" Such glorious hopes, your backward steps to steer,
" And roll, with vilest brutes, through mud and slime?
" No! no!---your heaven-touch'd hearts disdain the
[sordid crime!"

LXII.

" Enough! enough!" they cry'd.---Strait, from the crowd,
The better sort on wings of transport fly;
As when amid the lifeless summits proud
Of Alpine cliffs, where to the gelid sky
Snows pil'd on snows in wintry torpor lie,
The rays divine of vernal Phœbus play;
Th' awaken'd heaps, in streamlets from on high,
Rous'd into action, lively leap away,
Glad-warbling through the vales, in their new being
[gay.

LXIII.

Not less the life, the vivid joy serene,
That lighted up these new-created men,
Than that which wings th' exulting spirit clean,
When, just deliver'd from this fleshly den,
It soaring seeks its native skies agen;

How light its essence! how unclogg'd its powers,
Beyond the blazon of my mortal pen!
Even so we glad forsook these sinful bowers,
Even such enraptur'd life, such energy was ours.

LXIV.

But far the greater part, with rage inflam'd,
Dire-mutter'd curses, and blasphem'd high Jove.
" Ye sons of Hate! (they bitterly exclaim'd)
" What brought you to this seat of peace and love?
" While with kind Nature, here amid the grove,
" We pass'd the harmless Sabbath of our time,
" What to disturb it could, fell men emove
" Your barbarous hearts? is happiness a crime?
" Then do the fiends of hell rule in yon' heaven sub-

LXV. [lime.

" Ye impious Wretches!" (quoth the Knight in wrath)
" Your happiness behold!"---Then strait a wand
He wav'd, an anti-magic power that hath,
Truth from illusive falsehood to command.
Sudden the landscape sinks on every hand;
The pure quick streams are marshy puddles found;
On baleful heaths the groves all blacken'd stand,
And o'er the weedy, foul, abhorred ground,
Snakes, adders, toads, each loathsome creature crawls

LXVI. [around.

And here and there, on trees by lightning scath'd,
Unhappy weights who loathed life yhung,
Or in fresh gore and recent murder bath'd,

They weltering lay; or else, infuriate flung
Into the gloomy flood, while ravens sung
The funeral dirge, they down the torrent rowl'd:
These, by distemper'd blood to madness stung,
Had doom'd themselves; whence oft', when night controll'd
The world, returning hither their sad spirits howl'd.

LXVII.

Mean time a moving scene was open laid;
That lazar-house I whilom in my lay
Depainted have, its horrors deep-display'd,
And gave unnumber'd wretches to the day,
Who tossing there in squallid misery lay.
Soon as of sacred light th' unwonted smile
Pour'd on these living catacombs its ray,
Through the drear caverns stretching many a mile,
The sick up-rais'd their heads and dropp'd their woes a-while.

LXVIII.

" O Heaven! (they cry'd) and do we once more see
" Yon' blessed sun, and this geeen earth so fair?
" Are we from noisome damps of pest-house free?
" And drink our souls the sweet ethereal air?
" O thou! or Knight or God! who holdest there
" That fiend, oh! keep him in eternal chains!
" But what for us, the children of Despair,
" Brought to the brink of hell, what hope remains?
" Repentance does itself but aggravate our pains."

LXIX.

The gentle Knight, who saw their rueful case,
Let fall adown his silver beard some tears:
" Certes (quoth he) it is not even in Grace
" T' undo the past, and eke your broken years,
" Nathless, to nobler worlds Repentance rears,
" With humble hope, her eye; to her is given
" A power the truly contrite heart that cheers;
" She quells the brand by which the rocks are riven;
" She more than merely softens, she rejoices Heaven.

LXX.

" Then patient bear the sufferings you have earn'd,
" And by these sufferings purify the mind:
" Let wisdom be by past misconduct learn'd,
" Or pious die, with penitence resign'd;
" And to a life more happy and refin'd,
" Doubt not you shall, new creatures, yet arise.
" Till then, you may expect in me to find
" One who will wipe your sorrow from your eyes,
" One who will sooth your pangs, and wing you to

LXXI. [the skies."

They silent heard, and pour'd their thanks in tears.
" For you (resum'd the Knight with sterner tone)
" Whose hard dry hearts th' obdurate demon fears,
" That villain's gifts will cost you many a groan;
" In dolorous mansion long you must bemoan
" His fatal charms, and weep your stains away;
" Till, soft and pure as infant goodness grown,

" You feel a perfect change; then who can say
" What grace may yet shine forth in Heaven's eternal
day?"

LXXII.

This said, his powerful wand he wav'd anew;
Instant a glorious angel train descends,
The Charities, to-wit, of rosy hue,
Sweet Love their looks a gentle radiance lends,
And with seraphic flame compassion blends.
At once, delighted, to their charge they fly;
When, lo! a goodly hospital ascends,
In which they bade each lenient aid be nigh,
That could the sick-bed smooth of that sad company.

LXXIII.

It was a worthy edifying sight,
And gives to human-kind peculiar grace,
To see kind hands attending day and night,
With tender ministry, from place to place:
Some prop the head; some, from the pallid face
Wipe off the faint cold dews weak Nature sheds;
Some reach the healing draught; the whilst, to chase
The fear supreme, around their soften'd beds
Some holy man by prayer all opening Heaven dis-

LXXIV. [preds.

Attended by a glad acclaiming train
Of those he rescu'd had from gaping hell,
Then turn'd the Knight, and to his hall again
Soft-pacing, sought of Peace the mossy cell;

Yet down his cheeks the gems of pity fell,
To see the helpless wretches that remain'd,
There left through delves and deserts dire to yell;
Amaz'd, their looks with pale dismay were stain'd,
And spreading wide their hands they meek repentance

LXXV. [feign'd.

But, ah! their scorned day of grace was past;
For (horrible to tell!) a desert wild
Before them stretched, bare, comfortless, and vast,
With gibbets, bones, and carcases defil'd.
There nor trim field nor lively culture smil'd;
Nor waving shade was seen, nor fountain fair;
But sands abrupt on sands lay loosely pil'd, [care,
Through which they floundering toil'd with painful
Whilst Phœbus smote them sore, and fir'd the cloud-

LXXVI. [less air.

Then, varying to a joyless land of bogs,
The sadden'd country a grey waste appear'd,
Where nought but putrid steams and noisome fogs
For ever hung on drizzly Auster's beard;
Or else the ground by piercing Caurus sear'd,
Was jagg'd with frost, or heap'd with glazed snow;
Through these extremes a ceaseless round they steer'd,
By cruel fiends still hurry'd to and fro,
Gaunt Beggary, and Scorn, with many hell-hounds

LXXVII. [moe.

The first was with base dunghill rags yclad,
Tainting the gale, in which they flutter'd light;

Of morbid hue his features, sunk, and sad;
His hollow eyne shook forth a sickly light;
And o'er his lank jaw-bone, in piteous plight,
His black rough beard was matted rank and vile;
Direful to see! an heart-appalling sight!
Mean time foul scurf and blotches him defile,
And dogs, where'er he went, still barked all the while.

LXXVIII.

The other was a fell despightful fiend;
Hell holds none worse in baleful bower below;
By pride, and wit, and rage, and rancour, keen'd;
Of man alike, if good or bad, the foe:
With nose up-turn'd, he always made a show
As if he smelt some nauseous scent; his eye
Was cold, and keen, like blast from Boreal snow,
And taunts he casten forth most bitterly.
Such were the twain that off drove this ungodly fry.

LXXIX.

Even so through Brentford town, a town of mud,
An herd of brisly swine is prick'd along,
The filthy beasts, that never chew the cud,
Still grunt, and squeak, and sing their troublous song,
And oft' they plunge themselves the mire among;
But ay the ruthless driver goads them on,
And ay of barking dogs the bitter throng
Makes them renew their unmelodious moan;
Ne ever find they rest from their unresting fone.

A POEM,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HON.

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

SHALL the great soul of Newton quit this earth
To mingle with his stars, and every Muse,
Astonish'd into silence, shun the weight
Of honours due to his illustrious name?
But what can man?---Even now the sons of Light,
In strains high warbled to seraphic lyre,
Hail his arrival on the coast of bliss.
Yet am not I deterr'd, tho' high the theme,
And sung to harps of angels, for with you,
Ethereal Flames! ambitious, I aspire
In Nature's general symphony to join.
And what new wonders can ye show your guest!
Who, while on this dim spot, where mortals toil,
Clouded in dust, from Motion's simple laws
Could trace the secret hand of Providence,
Wide-working thro' this universal frame?
Have ye not listen'd while he bound the Suns
And Planets to their spheres! th' unequal task
Of human kind till then? Oft' had they roll'd
O'er erring man the year, and oft' disgrac'd

The pride of schools, before their course was known.
Full in its causes and effects to him,
All-piercing sage! who sat not down and dream'd
Romantic schemes, defended by the din
Of specious words and tyranny of names,
But, bidding his amazing Mind attend,
And with heroic Patience, years on years
Deep-searching, saw at last the System dawn,
And shine, of all his race, on him alone.
What were his raptures then! how pure! how strong!
And what the triumphs of old Greece and Rome,
By his diminish'd, but the pride of boys
In some small fray victorious! when, instead
Of shatter'd parcels of this earth usurp'd
By violence unmanly, and sore deeds
Of cruelty and blood, Nature herself
Stood all subdu'd by him, and open laid
Her every latent glory to his view.
All intellectual Eye, our solar round
First gazing thro', he by the blended power
Of Gravitation and Projection saw
The whole in silent harmony revolve;
From unassisted vision hid, the Moons
To cheer remoter planets numerous form'd,
By him in all their mingled tracts were seen.
He also fix'd our wandering Queen of Night,
Whether she wanes into a scanty orb,
Or, waxing broad, with her pale shadowy light,

In a soft deluge, overflows the sky.
Her every motion clear-discerning, he
Adjusted to the mutual main, and taught
Why now the mighty mass of water swells
Resistless, heaving on the broken rocks,
And the full river turning, till again
The tide revertive, unattracted, leaves
A yellow waste of idle sands behind.
  Then breaking hence, he took his ardent flight
Thro' the blue infinite, and every star,
Which the clear concave of a winter's night
Pours on the eye or astronomic tube,
Far-stretching, snatches from the dark abyss:
Or such as farther in successive skies
To Fancy shine alone, at his approach
Blaz'd into suns, the living centre each
Of an harmonious system; all combin'd,
And rul'd unerring by that single power
Which draws the stone projected to the ground.
  O unprofuse Magnificence divine!
O Wisdom truly perfect! thus to call
From a few causes such a scheme of things,
Effects so various, beautiful, and great,
An universe complete! and, O belov'd
Of Heaven! whose well-purg'd penetrative eye
The mystic veil transpiercing, inly scann'd
The rising, moving, wide-establish'd frame.
  He, first of men, with awful wing pursu'd

The Comet thro' the long elliptic curve,
As round innumerous worlds he wound his way,
Till to the forehead of our evening sky
Return'd, the blazing wonder glares anew,
And o'er the trembling nations shakes dismay.
The heavens are all his own, from the wide rule:
Of whirling vortices and circling spheres
To their first great simplicity restor'd.
The Schools astonish'd stood, but found it vain
To combat still with demonstration strong,
And, unawakened, dream beneath the blaze
Of Truth. At once their pleasing visions fled,
With the gay shadows of the morning mix'd,
When Newton rose, our philosophic Sun.
Th' aërial flow of Sound was known to him,
From whence it first in wavy circles breaks,
Till the touch'd organ takes the message in.
Nor could the darting beam of Speed immense
Escape his swift pursuit and measuring eye.
Even Light itself, which every thing displays,
Shone undiscover'd, till his brighter mind
Untwisted all the shining robe of day;
And, from the whitening undistinguish'd blaze
Collecting every ray into his kind,
To the charm'd eye educ'd the gorgeous train
Of parent-colours. First the flaming Red
Sprung vivid forth; the tawny Orange next:
And next delicious Yellow; by whose side

Fell the kind beams of all-refreshing Green:
Then the pure Blue, that swells autumnal skies,
Ethereal play'd: and then, of sadder hue,
Emerg'd the deepened Indigo, as when
The heavy-skirted evening droops with frost;
While the last gleamings of refracted light
Dy'd in the fainting Violet away.
These, when the clouds distil the rosy shower,
Shine out distinct adown the watry bow,
While o'er our heads the dewy vision bends
Delightful, melting on the fields beneath.
Myriads of mingling dyes from these result,
And myriads still remain; infinite source
Of beauty, ever-flushing, ever-new!
  Did ever poet image aught so fair,
Dreaming in whispering groves by the hoarse brook!
Or prophet, to whose rapture Heaven descends!
Even now the setting sun and shifting clouds,
Seen, Greenwich, from thy lovely heights, declare
How just, how beauteous the refractive law.
  The noiseless tide of time, all bearing down
To vast eternity's unbounded sea,
Where the green islands of the happy shine,
He stemm'd alone, and to the source (involv'd
Deep in primeval gloom) ascending rais'd
His lights at equal distances, to guide
Historian, wilder'd on his darksome way.
  But who can number up his labours? who

His high discoveries sing? when but a few
Of the deep-studying race can stretch their minds
To what he knew? in Fancy's lighter thought.
How shall the Muse then grasp the mighty theme?
What wonder, then, that his devotion swell'd
Responsive to his knowledge! for could he
Whose piercing mental eye diffusive saw
The finish'd university of things
In all its order, magnitude, and parts,
Forbear incessant to adore that Power
Who fills, sustains, and actuates the whole?
Say, ye who best can tell, ye happy few!
Who saw him in the softest lights of life,
All unwith-held, indulging to his friends
The vast unborrow'd treasures of his mind,
Oh! speak the wondrous Man! how mild, how calm,
How greatly humble, how divinely good;
How firm establish'd on eternal truth;
Fervent in doing well, with every nerve
Still pressing on, forgetful of the past,
And panting for perfection: far above
Those little cares and visionary joys
That so perplex the fond impassion'd heart
Of ever-cheated, ever-trusting man.
And you, ye hopeless, gloomy-minded Tribe!
You who, unconscious of those nobler flights
That reach impatient at immortal life,
Against the prime endearing privilege

Of being dare contend, say, can a soul
Of such extensive, deep, tremendous powers,
Enlarging still, be but a finer breath
Of spirits dancing thro' their tubes a while,
And then for ever lost in vacant air?
But hark! methinks I hear a warning voice,
Solemn as when some awful change is come,
Sound thro' the world---" 'Tis done---The measure's full;
" And I resign my charge."---Ye mouldering Stones!
That build the towering pyramid, the proud
Triumphal arch, the monument effac'd
By ruthless ruin, and whate'er supports
The worshipp'd name of hoar Antiquity,
Down to the dust! what grandeur can ye boast,
While Newton lifts his column to the skies,
Beyond the waste of time. Let no weak drop
Be shed for him. The virgin in her bloom
Cut off, the joyous youth, and darling child,
These are the tombs that claim the tender tear
And elegiac song; but Newton calls
For other notes of gratulation high,
That now he wanders thro' those endless worlds
He here so well descried, and wondering talks,
And hymns their Author with his glad compeers.
O Britain's boast! whether with angels thou
Sitteth in dread discourse, or fellow-blest,
Who joy to see the honour of their kind;
Or whether mounted on cherubic wing,

Thy swift career is with the whirling orbs,
Comparing things with things, in rapture lost,
And grateful adoration, for that light
So plenteous ray'd into thy mind below,
From Light himself; Oh! look with pity down
On human kind, a frail, erroneous race!
Exalt the spirit of a downward world!
O'er thy dejected country chief preside,
And be her Genius call'd! her studies raise,
Correct her manners, and inspire her youth:
For, tho' deprav'd and sunk, she brought thee forth,
And glories in thy name; she points thee out
To all her sons, and bids them eye thy star;
While in expectance of the second life,
When time shall be no more, thy sacred dust
Sleeps with her kings, and dignifies the scene.

A POEM

TO THE MEMORY OF THE RIGHT HON. THE

LORD TALBOT,

LATE CHANCELLOR OF GREAT BRITAIN,

Addressed to his Son.

WHILE, with the public you, my Lord, lament
A friend and father lost, permit the Muse,
The Muse assign'd of old a double theme,
To praise dead worth and humble living pride,
Whose generous task begins where int'rest ends;
Permit her on a Talbot's tomb to lay
This cordial verse sincere, by Truth inspir'd,
Which means not to bestow, but borrow fame.
Yes, she may sing his matchless virtues now---
Unhappy that she may.---But where begin?
How from the diamond single out each ray,
Where all, tho' trembling with ten thousand hues,
Effuse one dazzling undivided light?
  Let the low-minded of these narrow days
No more presume to deem the lofty tale
Of ancient times, in pity to their own,

Romance. In Talbot we united saw
The piercing eye, the quick-enlighten'd soul,
The graceful ease, the flowing tongue of Greece,
Join'd to the virtues and the force of Rome.
Eternal Wisdom, that all-quick'ning sun,
Whence every life, in just proportion, draws
Directing light and actuating flame,
Ne'er with a larger portion of its beams
Awaken'd mortal clay. Hence steady, calm,
Diffusive, deep, and clear, his reason saw,
With instantaneous view, the truth of things;
Chief what to human life and human bliss
Pertains, that noblest science, fit for man;
And hence, responsive to his knowledge, glow'd
His ardent virtue. Ignorance and vice
In consort foul agree, each heightening each,
While virtue draws from knowledge brighter fire.
What grand, what comely, or what tender sense,
What talent, or what virtue, was not his?
What that can render man or great or good,
Give useful worth or amiable grace?
Nor could he brook in studious shade to lie,
In soft retirement, indolently pleas'd
With selfish peace. The Syren of the wise,
(Who steals th' Aonian song, and in the shape
Of Virtue wooes them from a worthless world)
Tho' deep he felt her charms, could never melt
His strenuous spirit, recollected, calm

As silent night, yet active as the day.
The more the bold, the bustling, and the bad,
Press to usurp the reins of power, the more
Behoves it Virtue, with indignant zeal,
To check their combination. Shall low views
Of sneaking int'rest or luxurious vice,
The villain's passions, quicken more to toil,
And dart a livelier vigour thro' the soul,
Than those that, mingled with our truest good,
With present honour and immortal fame
Involve the good of all? An empty form,
Is the weak virtue that amid the shade
Lamenting lies, with future schemes, amus'd,
While Wickedness and Folly, kindred powers,
Confound the world. A Talbot's, different far,
Sprung ardent into action, that disdain'd
To lose in death-like sloth one pulse of life
That might be sav'd; disdain'd, for coward Ease
And her insipid pleasures, to resign
The prize of glory, the keen sweets of toil,
And those high joys that teach the truly great
To live for others, and for others die.

Early, behold! he breaks benign on life.
Not breathing more beneficence, the Spring
Leads in her swelling train the gentle Airs;
While gay, behind her, smiles the kindling waste.
Of ruffian storms and winter's lawless rage.
In him Astræa, to this dim abode

Of ever-wandering men, return'd again;
To bless them his delight, to bring them back,
From thorny error, from unjoyous wrong,
Into the paths of kind primeval faith,
Of happiness and justice. All his parts,
His virtues all, collected, sought the good
Of human-kind. For that he, fervent, felt
The throb of patriots when they model states;
Anxious for that, nor needful sleep could hold
His still-awaken'd soul; nor friends had charms
To steal, with pleasing guile, one useful hour;
Toil knew no languor, no attraction joy.
Thus with unwearied steps, by Virtue led,
He gain'd the summit of that sacred hill
Where, rais'd above black Envy's dark'ning clouds,
Her spotless temple lifts its radiant front.
Be nam'd, victorious Ravagers! no more;
Vanish, ye human comets! shrink your blaze,
Ye that your glory to your terrors owe,
As o'er the gazing desolated earth
You scatter famine, pestilence, and war!
Vanish before this vernal sun of Fame!
Effulgent sweetness! beaming life and joy.
How the heart listen'd while he pleading spoke!
While on th' enlighten'd mind, with winning art,
His gentle reason so persuasive stole,
That the charm'd hearer thought it was his own.
Ah! when, ye studious of the laws! again

Shall such enchanting lessons bless your ear?
When shall again the darkest truths, perplext,
Be set in ample day? when shall the harsh
And arduous open into smiling ease?
The solid mix with elegant delight?
His was the talent with the purest light
At once to pour conviction on the soul,
And warm with lawful flame th' impassion'd heart.
That dangerous gift with him was safely lodg'd
By Heaven. He, sacred to his country's cause,
To trampled Want and Worth, to suffering Right,
To the lone Widow's and her Orphan's woes,
Reserv'd the mighty charm. With equal brow,
Despising then the smiles or frowns of Power,
He all that noblest eloquence effus'd,
Which generous passion, taught by Reason, breathes:
Then spoke the man, and over barren Art
Prevail'd abundant Nature. Freedom then
His client was, Humanity and Truth.
Plac'd on the seat of justice, there he reign'd
In a superior sphere of cloudless day,
A pure intelligence. No tumult there,
No dark emotion, no intemp'rate heat,
No passion e'er disturb'd the clear serene
That round him spread. A zeal for right alone,
The love of justice, like the steady sun,
Its equal ardour lent; and sometimes rais'd
Against the sons of Violence, of Pride,

And bold Deceit, his indignation gleam'd,
Yet still by sober dignity restrain'd.
As intuition quick, he snatch'd the truth,
Yet with progressive patience, step by step,
Self-diffident, or to the slower kind,
Th[illegible] the maze of falsehood trac'd it on,
Till, at the last, evolv'd, it full appear'd,
And even the loser own'd the just decree.
[illegible]n, in senates, he, to freedom firm,
Enlighten'd freedom, plann'd salubrious laws,
His various learning, his wide knowledge then,
He [illegible]ught deep into Britannia's weal,
Exhaustless seem'd from simple sense to flow,
And the plain patriot smooth'd the brow of law.
No sportous swell, no frothy pomp of words,
Fell on the cheated ear: no study'd maze
Of declamation to perplex the right,
His reasoning threw around: safe in itself,
In its own force, all-powerful Reason spoke;
While on the great, the ruling point, at once
He stream'd decisive day, and show'd it vain
To lengthen farther out the clear debate.
Conviction breathes conviction; to the heart,
Dispos'd ardent forth in eloquence unbid,
The heart attends; for let the venal try
Every hardening stupifying art,
Truth must prevail, zeal will enkindle zeal,
And Nature, skilful touch'd, is honest still.

Behold him in the councils of his prince.
What faithful light he lends? How rare, in courts,
Such wisdom! such abilities! and, join'd
To virtue so determin'd, public zeal,
And honour of such adamantine proof,
As even Corruption, hopeless, and o'er-aw'd,
Durst not have tempted! Yet of manners mild,
And winning every heart, he knew to please,
Nobly to please; while equally he scorn'd
Or adulation to receive or give.
Happy the state where wakes a ruling eye
Of such inspection keen, and general care!
Beneath a guard so vigilant, so pure,
Toil may resign his careless head to rest,
And ever-jealous Freedom sleep in peace.
Ah! lost untimely! lost in downward days!
And many a patriot counsel with him lost!
Counsels that might have humbled Britain's foe,
Her native foe, from eldest time by Fate
Appointed, as did once a Talbot's arms.
Let Learning, Arts, let universal Worth,
Lament a patron lost, a friend and judge.
Unlike the sons of Vanity, that, veil'd
Beneath the patron's prostituted name
Dare sacrifice a worthy man to pride,
And flush confusion o'er an honest cheek.
When he conferr'd a grace, it seem'd a debt
Which he to merit, to the public, paid,

And to the great all-bounteous Source of good.
His sympathizing heart itself receiv'd
The generous obligation he bestow'd.
This, this indeed, is patronizing worth.
Their kind protector him the Muses own,
But scorn with noble pride the boasted aid
Of tasteless Vanity's insulting hand.
The gracious stream that cheers the letter'd world,
Is not the noisy gift of summer's noon,
Whose sudden current from the naked root
Washes the little soil which yet remain'd,
And only more dejects the blushing flowers:
No, 'tis the soft-descending dews at eve,
The silent treasures of the vernal year,
Indulging deep their stores the still night long,
Till, with returning morn, the freshen'd world
In fragrance all, all beauty, joy, and song.
Still let me view him in the pleasing light
Of private life, where pomp forgets to glare,
And where the plain unguarded soul is seen.
There, with that truest greatness he appear'd,
Which thinks not of appearing; kindly veil'd
In the soft graces of the friendly scene,
Inspiring social confidence and ease:
As free the converse of the wise and good,
As joyous, disentangling every power,
And breathing mix'd improvement with delight,
As when amid the various-blossom'd spring,

Or gentle-beaming autumn's pensive shade,
The philosophic mind with Nature talks.
Say ye, his Sons! his dear remains! with whom
The father laid superfluous state aside,
Yet rais'd your filial duty thence the more,
With friendship rais'd it, with esteem, with love,
Beyond the ties of blood, oh! speak the joy,
The pure serene, the cheerful wisdom mild,
The virtuous spirit, which his vacant hours,
In semblance of amusement, thro' the breast
Infus'd. And thou, O Rundle! * lend thy strain,
Thou darling friend! thou brother of his soul!
In whom the head and heart their stores unite;
Whatever Fancy paints, Invention pours,
Judgment digests, the well-tun'd bosom feels,
Truth natural, moral, or divine, has taught,
The Virtues dictate, or the Muses sing.
Lend me the plaint which, to the lonely main,
With Memory conversing, you will pour,
As on the pebbled shore you, pensive, stray,
Where Derry's mountains a bleak crescent form,
And mid their ample round receive the waves,
That from the frozen pole resounding, rush,
Impetuous. Tho' from native sunshine driven,
Driven from your friends, the sunshine of the soul,
By slanderous zeal, and politics infirm,
Jealous of worth, yet will you bless your lot,

* Dr. Rundel, late Bishop of Derry in Ireland.

Yet will you triumph in your glorious fate,
Whence Talbot's friendship glows to future times,
Intrepid, warm; of kindred tempers born;
Nurs'd, by experience, into slow esteem,
Calm confidence unbounded, love not blind,
And the sweet light from mingled minds disclos'd,
From mingled chymic oils as bursts the fire.
You, too, remember well that cheerful bowl
Which round his table flow'd. The serious there
Mix'd with the sportive, with the learn'd the plain;
Mirth softened wisdom, candour temper'd mirth,
And wit its honey lent, without the sting.
Not simple Nature's unaffected sons,
The blameless Indians, round their forest-cheer,
In sunny lawn or shady covert set,
Hold more unspotted converse; nor of old,
Rome's awful consuls, her Dictator-swains,
As on the product of their Sabine farms
They far'd, with stricter virtue fed the soul:
Nor yet in Athens, at an Attic meal,
Where Socrates presided, fairer truth,
More elegant humanity, more grace,
Wit more refin'd, or deeper science, reign'd.
  But far beyond the little vulgar bounds
Of family, or friends, or native land,
By just degrees, and with proportion'd flames,
Extended his benevolence; a friend
To human kind, to parent Nature's works.

Of free access, and of engaging grace,
Such as a brother to a brother owes,
He kept an open judging ear for all,
And spread an open countenance, where smil'd
The fair effulgence of an open heart;
While on the rich, the poor, the high, the low,
With equal ray, his ready goodness shone:
For nothing human foreign was to him.
  Thus to a dread inheritance, my Lord,
And hard to be supported, you succeed;
But kept by virtue, as by virtue gain'd,
It will, thro' latest time, enrich your race,
When grosser wealth shall moulder into dust,
And with their authors in oblivion sunk
Vain titles lie, the servile badges oft'
Of mean submission, not the meed of worth.
True genuine honour its large patent holds
Of all mankind, thro' every land and age,
Of universal Reason's various sons,
And even of God himself, sole perfect Judge!
Yet know these noblest honours of the mind
On rigid terms descend: the high-plac'd heir,
Scann'd by the public eye, that, with keen gaze,
Malignant seeks out faults, cannot thro' life,
Amid the nameless insects of a court,
Unheeded steal; but, with his sire compar'd,
He must be glorious, or he must be scorn'd.
This truth to you, who merit well to bear

A name to Britons dear, th' officious Muse
May safely sing, and sing without reserve.
Vain were the plaint, and ignorant the tear,
That should a Talbot mourn. Ourselves, indeed,
Our country robb'd of her delight and strength,
We may lament; yet let us, grateful, joy
That we such virtues knew, such virtues felt,
And feel them still, teaching our views to rise
Thro' ever-bright'ning scenes of future worlds.
Be dumb, ye worst of Zealots! ye that, prone
To thoughtless dust, renounce that generous hope,
Whence every joy below its spirit draws,
And every pain its balm. A Talbot's light,
A Talbot's virtues, claim another source
Than the blind maze of undesigning blood:
Nor when that vital fountain plays no more,
Can they be quench'd amid the gelid stream.
Methinks I see his mounting spirit, freed
From tangling earth, regain the realms of day,
Its native country, whence, to bless mankind,
Eternal Goodness on this darksome spot
Had ray'd it down a while. Behold! approv'd
By the tremendous Judge of heaven and earth,
And to th' Almighty Father's presence join'd,
He takes his rank, in glory and in bliss,
Amid the human worthies. Glad around
Crowd his compatriot shades, and point him out,
With joyful pride, Britannia's blameless boast.

Thomson.]

Ah! who is he that with a fonder eye
Meets thine enraptur'd?---'Tis the best of sons!
The best of friends!---Too soon is realiz'd
That hope which once forbade thy tears to flow!
Meanwhile the kindred souls of every land
(Howe'er divided in the fretful days
Of prejudice and error,) mingled now,
In one selected never-jarring state,
Where God himself their only monarch reigns,
Partake the joy; yet, such the sense that still
Remains of earthly woes, for us below,
And for our loss, they drop a pitying tear.
But cease, presumptuous Muse! nor vainly strive
To quit this cloudy sphere that binds thee down.
'Tis not for mortal hand to trace these scenes,
Scenes that our gross ideas grovelling cast
Behind, and strike our boldest language dumb.
  Forgive, immortal Shade! if aught from earth,
From dust low-warbled, to those groves can rise
Where flows celestial harmony, forgive
This fond superfluous verse. With deep-felt voice,
On every heart impress'd, thy deeds themselves
Attest thy praise. Thy praise the widows' sighs
And orphans' tears embalm. The good, the bad,
The sons of Justice, and the sons of Strife,
All who or freedom or who interest prize,
A deep-divided nation's parties all
Conspire to swell thy spotless praise to heaven.

Glad heaven receives it, and seraphic lyres
With songs of triumph thy arrival hail.
How vain this tribute, then! this lowly lay!
Yet nought is vain which gratitude inspires.
The Muse, besides, her duty thus approves
To virtue, to her country, to mankind,
To ruling Nature, that, in glorious charge,
As to her priestess, gives it her, to hymn
Whatever good and excellent she forms.

VERSES

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF MR. AIKM

A particular Friend of the Author's.

As those we love decay, we die in part,
String after string is sever'd from the heart,
Till loosen'd life, at last, but breathing clay
Without one pang is glad to fall away.
Unhappy he who latest feels the blow,
Whose eyes have wept o'er every friend laid low,
Dragg'd lingering on from partial death to death,
Till, dying, all he can resign is breath.

TO THE REV. MR. MURDOCH,

RECTOR OF STRADDISHALL IN SUFFOLK, 1738.

Thus safely low, my Friend! thou can'st not fall:
Here reigns a deep tranquillity o'er all:
No noise, no care, no vanity, no strife;
Men, woods, and fields, all breathe untroubled life.
Then keep each passion down, however dear;
Trust me, the tender are the most severe.
Guard, while 'tis thine, thy philosophic ease,
And ask no joy but that of virtuous peace;

Glad it bids defiance to the storms of fate:
With bliss is only for a higher state.

EPITAPH ON MISS STANLEY.

Stanley! rest, escap'd this mortal strife,
bove the joys, beyond the woes of life.
ierce pangs no more thy lively beauties stain,
nd sternly try thee with a year of pain:
o more sweet Patience, feigning oft' relief,
ights thy sick eye, to cheat a parent's grief:
ith tender art, to save her anxious groan,
o more thy bosom presses down its own:
low well-earn'd peace is thine, and bliss sincere:
ours be the lenient, not unpleasing tear!
O! born to bloom, then sink beneath the storm,
o show us Virtue in her fairest form;
o show us artless Reason's moral reign,
What boastful Science arrogates in vain;
Th' obedient passions knowing each their part,
Calm light the head, and harmony the heart!
Yes, we must follow soon, will glad obey,
When a few suns have roll'd their cares away,
Tir'd with vain life, will close the willing eye;
Tis the great birthright of mankind to die.
Blest be the bark that wafts us to the shore
Where death-divided friends shall part no more!
To join thee there, here with thy dust repose
All he hope thy hapless mother knows.

A PARAPHRASE

ON THE

Latter part of the Sixth Chapter of St. Matthew.

WHEN my breast labours with oppressive care,
And o'er my cheek descends the falling tear;
While all my warring passions are at strife,
O! let me listen to the words of Life!
Raptures deep-felt his doctrine did impart,
And thus he rais'd from earth the drooping heart.

Think not, when all your scanty stores afford
Is spread at once upon the sparing board;
Think not, when worn the homely robe appears,
While on the roof the howling tempest bears,
What farther shall this feeble life sustain,
And what shall clothe these shivering limbs again.
Say, does not life its nourishment exceed?
And the fair body its investing weed?

Behold! and look away your low despair—
See the light tenants of the barren air;
To them nor stores nor granaries belong,
Nought but the woodland and the pleasing song;
Yet your kind heavenly Father bends his eye
On the least wing that flits along the sky.
To him they sing when Spring renews the plain;
To him they cry in Winter's pinching reign;
Nor is their music nor their plaint in vain:

He hears the gay and the distressful call,
And with unsparing bounty fills them all.
Observe the rising lily's snowy grace,
Observe the various vegetable race;
Tho' neither toil nor spin, but careless grow,
Ye see how warm they blush! how bright they glow!
What regal vestments can with them compare!
What king so shining! or what queen so fair.
If, ceaseless, thus the fowls of heaven he feeds,
If, o'er the fields such lucid robes he spreads,
Will he not care for you, ye Faithless! say,
Is he unwise? or, are ye less than they?

ODES.

ODE.

I.

TELL me, thou Soul of her I love!
Ah! tell me, whither art thou fled,
To what delightful world above,
Appointed for the happy dead?

II.

Or dost thou, free, at pleasure, roam,
And sometimes share thy lover's woe,
Where, void of thee, his cheerless home
Can now, alas! no comfort know?

III.

Oh! if thou hover'st round my walk,
While under ev'ry well-known tree
I to thy fancy'd shadow talk,
And every tear is full of thee;

IV.

Should then the weary eye of Grief,
Beside some sympathetic stream,
In slumber find a short relief,
Oh! visit thou my soothing dream.

ODE.

O NIGHTINGALE! best poet of the grove,
That plaintive strain can ne'er belong to thee,

He h. in the full possession of thy love:
And, d that strain, sweet Nightingale! to me.
O' mine, alas! to mourn my wretched fate:
Obse'e a maid who all my bosom charms,
They lo e my days without this lovely mate;
Yet human Fortune keeps her from my arms.
Wlou happy birds! by Nature's simple laws
W ad your soft lives, sustain'd by Nature's fare;
Iou dwell wherever roving Fancy draws,
If, nd love and song is all your pleasing care:
W t we, vain slaves of interest and of pride,
Is rare not be blest, lest envious tongues should blame;
nd hence, in vain, I languish for my pride:
mourn with me, sweet Bird! my hapless flame.

ODE.

TO SERAPHINA.

Th wanton's charms, however bright,
Are like the false illusive light,
Whose flattering unauspicious blaze
To precipices oft' betrays;
But that sweet ray your beauties dart,
Which clears the mind and cleans the heart,
Is like the sacred Queen of Night,
Who pours a lovely gentle light
Wide o'er the dark, by wanderers blest,
Conducting them to peace and rest.

A vicious love depraves the mind,
'Tis anguish, guilt and folly, join'd;
But Seraphina's eyes dispense
A mild and gracious influence;
Such as in visions angels shed
Around the heav'n-illumin'd head.
To love thee, Seraphina! sure
Is to be tender, happy, pure;
'Tis from low passions to escape,
And woe bright Virtue's fairest shape;
'Tis ecstacy with wisdom join'd,
And heaven infus'd into the mind.

ODE

ON ÆOLUS'S HARP.*

I.

Ethereal Race, inhabitants of Air,
Who hymn your God amid the secret grove,
Ye unseen Beings! to my harp repair,
And raise majestic strains, or melt in love.

II.

Those tender notes, how kindly they upbraid!
With what soft woe they thrill the lover's heart!
Sure from the hand of some unhappy maid,
Who dy'd of love, these sweet complainings part.

* Æolus's Harp is a musical instrument, which plays with the wind, invented by Mr. Oswald; its properties are fully described in the *Castle of Indolence*.

O le

III.

'Tis t hark! that strain was of a graver tone,
I lo the deep strings his hand some hermit throws;
Y e the sacred Bard,* who sat alone
In the drear waste, and wept his people's woes.

Y

IV.

Le was the song which Zion's children sung
Y en by Euphrates' stream they made their plaint;
A d to such sadly solemn notes are strung
B elic harps, to sooth a dying saint.

D

V.

A ethuls I hear the full celestial choir
C ro' heaven's high dome their awful anthem raise;
ow chanting clear, and now they all conspire
To swell the lofty hymn from praise to praise.

VI.

Let me, ye wand'ring Spirits of the wind!
Who, as wild Fancy prompts you, touch the string,
Emit with your theme, be in your chorus join'd,
For till you cease my Muse forgets to sing.

---

* Jeremiah.

ODE

IN THE MASK OF ALFRED.

I.

When Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung this strain;
"Rule, Britannia! rule the waves;
"Britons never will be slaves."

II.

The nations, not so blest as thee,
Must, in their turns, to tyrants fall;
While thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
"Rule," &c.

III.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke:
As the loud blast that tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak.
"Rule," &c.

IV.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame:
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
But work their woe, and thy renown.
"Rule," &c.

V.

To thee belongs the rural reign;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine:
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore its circles thine.
The "Rule," &c.

VI.

The Muses, still with Freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair:
Blest Isle! with matchless beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
"Rule, Britannia! rule the waves;
"Britons never will be slaves."

SONGS.

SONG.

I.

One day the God of fond desire,
On mischief bent, to Damon said,
Why not disclose your tender fire,
Not own it to the lovely maid?

II.

The shepherd mark'd his treach'rous art,
And, softly sighing, thus reply'd;
'Tis true, you have subdu'd my heart,
But shall not triumph o'er my pride.

III.

The slave in private only bears
Your bondage who his love conceals;
But when his passion he declares,
You drag him at your chariot-wheels.

SONG.

Hard is the fate of him who loves,
Yet dares not tell his trembling pain,
But to the sympathetic groves,
But to the lonely listening plain.

! when she blesses next your shade,
T[illegible] when her footsteps next are seen
[illegible] flowery tracts along the mead,
[illegible] fresher mazes o'er the green,
[illegible] gentle Spirits of the vale!
[illegible] whom the tears of love are dear,
[illegible] dying lilies waft a gale,
[illegible] h my sorrows in her ear.
tell her what she cannot blame,
ho' fear my tongue must ever bind;
! tell her that my virtuous flame
s her spotless soul refin'd.
[illegible] own guardian angel eyes
[illegible] chaster tenderness his care,
ot purer her own wishes rise,
ot holier her own sighs in prayer.
ut if, at first, her virgin fear
hould start at Love's suspected name,
[illegible] that of Friendship sooth her ear---
[illegible] love and friendship are the same.

SONG.

I.

[illegible] with my Amanda blest,
[illegible] twine the woodbine bower;
[illegible] deck her sweeter breast,
[illegible] rear the breathing flower:

II.

Awaken'd by the genial year,
In vain the birds around me sing;
In vain the freshening fields appear:
Without my love there is no spring.

SONG.

For ever, Fortune! wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to love,
And when we meet a mutual heart,
Come in between, and bid us part?
Bid us sigh on from day to day,
And wish, and wish the soul away,
Till youth and genial years are flown,
And all the life of life is gone?
But busy, busy still art thou,
To bind the loveless joyless vow,
The heart from pleasure to delude,
To join the gentle to the rude.
For once, O Fortune! hear my prayer,
And I absolve thy future care;
All other blessings I resign,
Make but the dear Amanda mine.

SONG.

Come, gentle God of soft desire!
Come and possess my happy breast,
Not fury-like in flames and fire,
Or frantic folly's wildness drest;

Oh! I come in Friendship's angel-guise:
Oh! yet dearer thou than friendship art,
In more tender spirit in thy eyes,
In more sweet emotions at the heart.
Ye come with Goodness in thy train,
With Peace and Pleasure, void of storm,
And wouldst thou me for ever gain,
Put on Amanda's winning form.

A NUPTIAL SONG.

INTENDED

To have been inserted in the fourth act of Sophonisba.

Come, gentle Venus! and assuage
A jarring world, a bleeding age;
For Nature lives beneath thy ray,
The wintry tempests haste away,
A liquid calm invests the sea,
The native deep is full of thee;
The flowering earth, where'er you fly,
In all o'er spring, all sun the sky;
A genial spirit warms the breeze;
Even among the blooming trees,
The feather'd lovers tune their throat,
The desert growls a soften'd note;
O'er the meads the cattle bound,
Love and harmony go round.

But chief into the human heart
You strike the dear delicious dart;
You teach us pleasing pangs to know,
To languish in luxurious woe;
To feel the generons passions rise,
Grow good by gazing, mild by sighs;
Each happy moment to improve,
And fill the perfect year with love.

Come, thou delight of heaven and earth!
To whom all creatures owe their birth;
Oh come, sweet smiling! tender, come!
And yet prevent our final doom:
For long the furious God of war
Has crush'd us with his iron car,
Has rag'd along our ruin'd plains,
Has soil'd them with his cruel stains,
Has sunk our youth in endless sleep,
And made the widow'd virgin weep.
Now let him feel thy wonted charms;
Oh! take him to thy twining arms!
And, while thy bosom heaves on his,
While deep he prints the humid kiss,
Ah! then his stormy heart controul,
And sigh thyself into his soul.

A HYMN

ON SOLITUDE.

Hail, mildly pleasing Solitude!
Companion of the wise and good,
But from whose holy piercing eye
The herd of fools and villains fly.
Oh! how I love with thee to walk,
And listen to thy whisper'd talk,
Which innocence and truth imparts,
And melts the most obdurate hearts.
A thousand shapes you wear with ease,
And still in every shape you please.
Now wrapt in some mysterious dream,
A lone philosopher you seem;
Now quick from hill to vale you fly,
And now you sweep the vaulted sky.
A shepherd next, you haunt the plain,
And warble forth your oaten strain.
A lover now, with all the grace
Of that sweet passion in your face;
Then, calm'd to friendship, you assume
The gentle-looking Hartford's bloom,
As, with her Musidora, she
(Her Musidora fond of thee)
Amid the long-withdrawing vale,
Awakes the rival'd nightingale.

Thine is the balmy breath of Morn,
Just as the dew-bent rose is born;
And while meridian fervours beat,
Thine is the woodland dumb retreat:
But chief, when evening scenes decay,
And the faint landscape swims away,
Thine is the doubtful soft decline,
And that best hour of musing thine.

Descending angels bless thy train,
The virtues of the sage and swain;
Plain Innocence, in white array'd,
Before thee lifts her fearless head:
Religion's beams around thee shine,
And cheer thy glooms with light divine;
About thee sports sweet Liberty;
And rapt Urania sings to thee.

Oh! let me pierce thy secret cell,
And in thy deep recesses dwell.
Perhaps from Norwood's oak-clad hill,
When Meditation has her fill,
I just may cast my careless eyes
Where London's spiry turrets rise,
Think of its crimes, its cares, its pain,
Then shield me in the woods again.

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